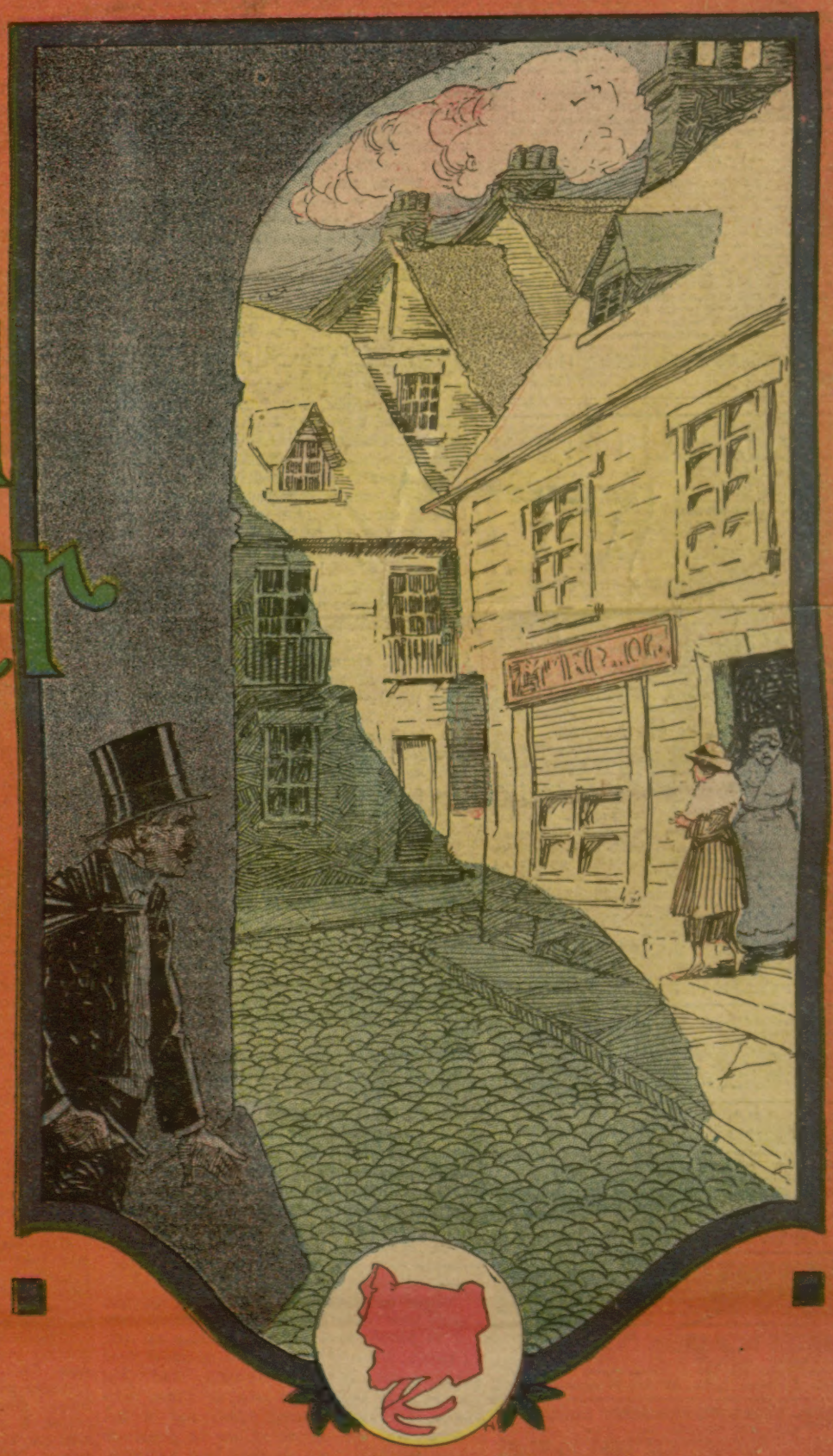
# CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVI. NO. 29. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1918. 5 CENTS A COPY.


# The Branded Smuggler

By

JEANNETTE KING



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BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE

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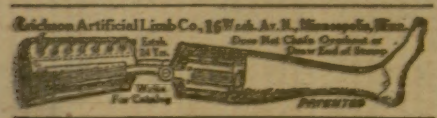

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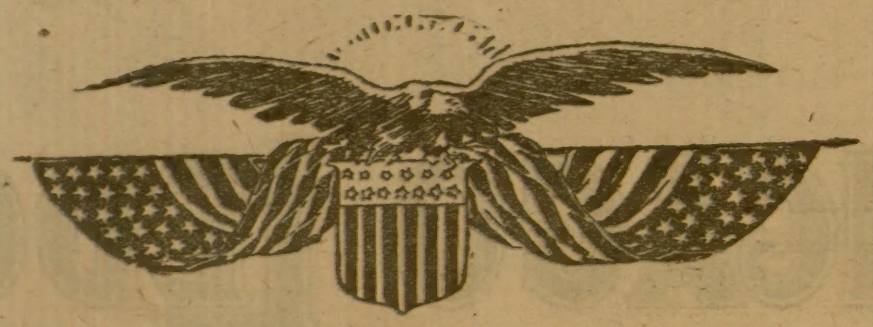

# The Editor Has His Say Here

HATS off to the town of Grand Falls, Newfoundland. All the young folks in Grand Falls are readers of the Chicago Ledger and most of the older people read the Saturday Blade, the weekly newspaper of the W. D. Boyce Company. Read this letter from a reader there: "You very seldom, if ever, receive a word of thanks from this town for the nice stories published in the Ledger every week. I give the Blade to the older folks, but I take the Ledger and read all the stories. My only idea in writing this is to let you know that this paper is read by all the young folks in this town, and I thought you would like to know that it is very much appreciated." You are right. We are glad to know that the Ledger is appreciated.

TRAIL, Okla., contributes a bit of cheer to the editor, too, in the following letter: "The lady assistant who said your paper was for the common people was right, but I am sure the 'better class' enjoys them, too; don't you? I guess I belong to the common class of people, but I am proud of it, and I can say that I enjoy the Ledger to the fullest extent. My father has been a subscriber to both the Blade and Ledger for twelve or fifteen years, and we have always enjoyed them so much. I read aloud to the whole family, and you may rest assured there is none leaving the room when I pick up the Ledger. We always read from cover to cover. There is but one objection to your paper, and that is that it does not come often enough."

BY THE time this issue reaches you many of you will have found that other magazines have put into effect the raise in rates which we predicted some time past would follow the increase in postage. Already the newsstands are notifying their customers that magazines are going to cost more because it costs more to get them out and more to send them by mail. Once more we want to call your attention to the fact that the Ledger will still be available at the old price of 5 cents a copy, but that in order to be on the safe side you ought to subscribe and thus know that every week Uncle Sam will deliver to your door your favorite fiction publication.

WE HAVE boosted "The Deserter" before, but once again we want to tell you about the three-part story which begins in the Ledger next week. In case you have not read previous announcements about it, "The Deserter" is an up-to-the-minute war yarn about our Navy and one of its officers. It is by George Ethelbert Walsh, who has graced the pages of all the well known magazines. Lieut. Gordon Mason and his brother, Lieut. Wesley Mason, are in love with the same girl. One of them proves careless in the handling of funds entrusted to him, and it is up to them to find a way out. They have not the money to make good, and it is decided one of them must disappear, taking the blame for the embezzlement. Altho she does not know it, it is up to the girl to decide. One of the brothers does disappear. Which one was it? And what was the outcome? War with Germany breaks out and the action is swift and thrilling until the end. You will get a glimpse of Navy traditions, of U-boats and fleets, of the prosaic duties that help to make our country safe, of love and adventure, and you will get it in big installments that will complete the story in the August 10 issue. Also next week you will find an unusual lot of interesting short stories in addition to the other serials, "The Branded Smuggler" and "Jack Urquart's Double."

*The Editor.*

# The Committee Meets

THE committee on furnishing the new building at a girls' home has been called to order by the chairman and is prepared to rush the business thru. Indeed, the lady in green on entering the room has stated breathlessly that she must be eight miles away on the north side in one hour.

Chairman—"We have $2,000 to spend and we shall have to be most economical——"

Lady in Blue—"My goodness! Two thousand dollars for furniture is simply an awful amount! Why, you read advertisements every day of four room flats furnished complete for $75 or something like that—and when my cousin Julia was married in Boston you should have seen the simply gorgeous house effects she got out of the most ridiculously small sum!"

Lady in Green—"I don't care in the least how they furnish the building just so it looks substantial and has an air. I think when visitors come in their first impression is what counts, and you never can tell when one of them will be a millionaire and hand out a fat check for the work if he is pleased! Why not let it go at that and adjourn, for I really must be over on the north side——"

Lady in Brown—"I shall never forget a small home for girls in the East I visited two years ago when I was motoring with the Hampsteads—no, it was three years! How time flies, doesn't it? It was simply darling—all rustic furniture and handwoven curtains—that's the way they supported themselves, weaving things——"

Chairman—"But our girls don't weave things and the place is too big for rustic furniture! I have figured out plain, good furniture for the whole place, within the $2,000 limit. It would have to be ordinary light oak——"

Lady in Plaid—"I simply detest light oak! I think we should consider—er—esthetic values and things like that! It would be a shame to surround those girls with light oak! It would ruin their taste."

Lady in Blue—"I think we ought to do the parlors in cheerful things like wicker and cretonne——"

Chairman—"Wicker is entirely too expensive to consider. It——"

Lady in Brown—"There was a sale of wicker three weeks ago in the papers! What a pity we weren't buying then! Things were awfully cheap! I remember you could get a $30 wicker bird cage and standard for $16.50, and I came near spending my birthday money——"

Lady in Green—"Can't we hurry up? I've simply got to be over on the north side——"

Chairman—"If you don't like light oak why not a plain Flemish finish——"

Lady in Plaid—"Oh, my goodness, I'm so sick of Flemish oak I could cry when I see it! We might as well have a good-looking place while we're about it!"

Chairman (wearily)—"Will some one kindly make a suggestion of something that will do?"

Lady in Green—"I do think you might have decided something before now when I told you to start with that I had to be over on the north side in an hour! Why doesn't somebody do something?"

Lady in Plaid—"Anyhow, I don't see any sense of our planning things when sensible suggestions like mine are derided! What is a chairman for if not to take the responsibility? I move that the chairman buy the furniture and we can tell better whether we like it after it is all in—and we can sort of change things then!"

All the Others—"Splendid! Second the motion! So glad we've settled the question!"

Chairman (desperately to their backs as they rush out of the door)—"Ladies! Ladies! Why, I simply won't do anything of the kind! Oh, if women aren't the limit!"

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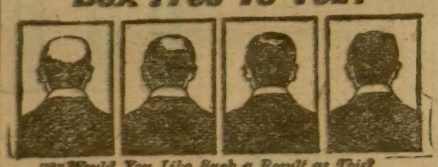

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# CHICAGO LEDGER

*PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY*
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 NORTH DEARBORN STREET.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., JULY 20, 1918. No. 29.

*First Installment of the Thrilling Underworld Story*

# THE BRANDED SMUGGLER

**By Jeannette King**

**In a Moment He Was Back Again, Bending Fearfully Over the Table Where She Sat. "The Gentleman Is Here," He Whispered.**

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE ROBBERY.

"MURDER! Murder!" This horrible shriek smote the ears of the two gendarmes who were escorting the diamond messenger to the establishment of a noted Dutch merchant.

The messenger carrying a fortune in diamonds suddenly became paralyzed in his tracks.

The police behind him drew their pistols, and stood, with their eyes still on the messenger, listening.

The fog that shrouded Paris was so dense that nobody could see more than ten paces. To the right of the gendarmes, groans that sounded like those of a dying man could be heard.

"Wait," said a gendarme to the messenger, and the pair of guards stepped out of view.

As the messenger drew his big cloak closer about him, suddenly a strong set of fingers closed about his throat and cut off his breath, and the leather case which held the gems was snatched from his hand. When the diamond messenger again opened his eyes he found himself sitting in an upright position on the cold pavement, uninjured, except that his throat pained where it had been gripped by the steel-like fingers.

Duval, the gem thief extraordinary, and his partner had fooled the police out of a million francs worth of diamonds, and no murder was committed.

The police, however, suspected Duval. The loan shops in the Montmartre district were watched. "Red Bonnet," the clever woman, known from African gem centers to New York, was being sought. The police knew she was in Paris.

But the fog which had continued to shroud the city for a week hid the movements of everybody.

Under the great blanket of mist, criminals who were sought by the police of Paris for big robberies in Switzerland, Italy, England, Spain and several other countries strolled the fashionable Champs Elysees.

Mlle. "Red Bonnet," the gem smuggler, sipped hot coffee and scanned a journal in the Cafe Jacques Rebot, in the Montmartre quarter, while the cleverest detectives of Paris tried to get their eyes upon her. The order had been given out by the police prefect that she was to be watched.

The Dutch gem merchant had denounced the police bureau as being hopelessly "fat brained." The Paris journals published what the merchant had said, and the police were furious. In fact, the fury of the police bureau increased the danger of suspects. Mlle. "Red Bonnet" knew this. She smiled cynically as she perused the journal before her, but her eyes remained serious.

Occasionally she glanced toward the door of the little cafe. Her eyes searched for Duval as various patrons entered. When he did not arrive she fell to musing, puffing occasionally at a cigarette. No scheme in handling gems was too daring for this beautiful woman to risk. She was a genius. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of the finest gems in Europe at different periods of her career had passed thru her hands on their way to an ultimate destination in some foreign market. Jewel thieves in the big ports on all of the seven seas knew her. She was one person on whom they could depend to safely market the stones filched from noblemen, millionaires and merchants. But she was ready to quit the business. It had palled upon her. Her career had been exciting, but there was no future. Everybody she had ever known, even rich men and princes, spoke of futures. But she had never dared. She feared that at the end of her life a narrow cell might wait—where her spirit would be broken.

Was that to be the end of her career, a grim, dank cell? Was that the compensation that Fate decreed? Was Fate such a horrible joker? Would Fate single her out, one tiny unit of that great wave of humanity that encircles the globe, and cage her up to die in horrible torment? These were the questions that flew thru the mind of Mlle. "Red Bonnet" as she sat at the table in the Cafe Jacques Rebot and waited for Duval.

Fear gripped "Red Bonnet." She had a great desire to flee from the cafe, away from Duval, the gem thief, wash her hands of the great ring of humans who live by being clever exploiters of society, and start a fresh life somewhere in that wonderful world which is just beyond the cobbled streets of every great city. But her desire then seemed in vain. She did not have the money. She was forced to stay and take her chances with Duval and the clique of international smugglers and jewel thieves if she were ever to gain her desire.

"Red Bonnet" was ready to receive the diamonds and get them out of Paris right under the very nose of the police bureau. If she were caught taking the diamonds out of France, she would be sent to prison, as would Duval and his partner. As the matter stood the stones were dead stock. They brought no cash lying there in a hole in Duval's house, and all three needed money badly.

The police were watching the ports of France like hawks and the risk was great in trying to pass. To leave the diamonds where they were meant starvation; to try to sell them in Paris was hazardous. Both sides of the case were unpleasant. To solve the disagreeable problem that confronted them, Duval and "Red Bonnet" had placed their future in the hands of chance; a pair of dice were to decide their fate. "Red Bonnet" lost to Duval; to her, therefore, fell the lot of carrying the jewels out of the country. That was three evenings earlier, and now, with a half-formed plan in her mind, she sat there, waiting for Duval to come to her.

A servant, a poor, wretched hunchback, lighted a lamp near her table, and eyed her surreptitiously. She frowned at him, and pushed her coffee cup aside. The hunchback glided away; in a moment he was back again, bending fearfully over the table where she sat.

"The gentleman is here," he whispered, and "Red Bonnet," looking up, beheld Duval, wrapped in a heavy cloak, to protect him against the chill of the autumn evening, approaching her table. She nodded curtly, rose from her seat, first leaving five centimes on the table for the hunchback, and met Duval in the center of the cafe. They both walked out into the dense fog.

The little hunchback watched them as they passed into the narrow street, and did not return to his post, until their figures had been blotted out by the fog.

## CHAPTER II.

### WATCHED BY THE POLICE.

THE room was in complete darkness, save where a ray from the street lamp at the end of the court came thru the window. A man in nondescript clothing entered, closed the window to exclude the cold wind that had strewn the floor with a mass of newspapers. He lighted a lamp on the table, and seated himself noiselessly by the window, from whence he might watch the ingress of all newcomers. When he heard a rap at the door he shot back the bolt, admitting Duval and "Red Bonnet."

A second later, a knock was heard against the wall. The three eyed each other furtively; they knew not whether the summons was from friend or foe.

The first knock was followed by four others, in rapid succession; then there was a slight pause, followed by pencil tapping.

The "Red Bonnet" and her companions breathed more easily.

"It's Franz," whispered "Red Bonnet" half to herself, and so saying, she walked forward and touched a spring in the panel, which flew back, revealing an opening upon a narrow stair, by which the man had entered the house. He was tall and meager, with long, grizzled hair, and a wild, unsettled look about his eyes. His breath was coming in fast, uncertain jerks, as tho he had run some distance to reach the house ahead of somebody.

"Red Bonnet" pushed forward one of the two chairs that stood in the room, and gently forced him into it. But his excitement forced him to his feet again in a moment.

"Don't take the jewels with you, this evening," he said with an effort, looking imploringly at "Red Bonnet." "The police are watching; it is dangerous. I ran all the way from the Cafe Rebot to tell you."

"How did you know where we were?" demanded Duval.

"The hunchback told me that you had been there but a few moments before, and that you had gone northward. I knew then where you had gone."

"That hunchback knows too much," said Duval angrily. Then turning about he faced Franz squarely. "And as for you, let me advise you to mind your own business. It'll not be healthy if you don't."

"Surely you don't want to see 'Red Bonnet' go to prison?" asked Franz.

"Don't worry about that," said Duval harshly. "Let the gendarmes catch her if they can. Let 'em search her even. They'll not find anything. They are not ingenious enough to——"

"Don't let her hide them in the heel of her shoe. The gendarmes know that trick," Franz said anxiously. "If they catch her with so much as one diamond in her possession, they'll send her away for twenty years. You know what that means."

Franz would have said more, but a violent fit of coughing seized him, and by the time it was over, his strength was completely spent.

Duval regarded him with a cold-blooded smile.

"What would you propose as an alternative?" he asked, speaking French that revealed his origin as being immeasurably above the surroundings in which he now found himself. "We must live; where are we going to get the wherewithal?"

Franz sighed, and shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "You can take care of yourself," he remarked after a while, "and I—I will see that 'Red Bonnet' is taken care of. She can——"

A contemptuous laugh from Duval cut him short. "My friend," he said with a sneer that he took no trouble to conceal, "you are extremely kind. But, let me tell you, that even with the love you feel for 'Red Bonnet,' it can't be done. You are in no condition to furnish yourself with a living, much less her."

Franz flushed painfully, and bit his lip. He knew that what Duval had said to him was more than true. At that moment there flooded over him memories of days when he had lived a different life. He remembered the fine old house in which he had lived; he remembered, too, that agonizing night, after an equally agonizing day, in which he had lost his own fortune, and his father's fortune gambling on the Bourse. People had called him a wild boy, a ne'er-do-well. In that one awful venture, he had lost everything, and had proved their contention beyond a doubt. He had wanted to kill himself, but the love of life was too strong for him, and he had drifted away, out of his father's and brothers' lives, and had come down the stream of existence with the flotsam and jetsam of the world. Now that he knew the end was near, he was more glad than sorry. For him, life had long been over; he had merely clung to the physical manifestation of it, because of some elemental urge within him.

Another fit of coughing came on him, and put an end to his revery. "Red Bonnet" walked towards him and rested her hand gently on his shoulder.

"Don't worry about me," she said softly, in a voice from which all the hard tones had vanished, "they'll never get me." She put her hand in her pocket, and drew out two gold pieces, one of which she put in his hand. "Take this, and go to Rebot's for a bottle of that strong red wine, and good meal. It will do you good."

The man tried to return the coin to her, but she made him keep it. Then stooping swiftly, she brushed his matted hair from his forehead, and kissed him gently. Franz's eyes filled with tears.

To avoid seeing them, she turned on her heel, only to find herself looking into Duval's scowling countenance. Instantly, her expression hardened; she brushed by him coldly, and seated herself in the only other chair in the room. Duval and his partner, taking their cue from her, sprawled themselves upon a bench before the fire. In the meantime, Franz, looking back anxiously at the two, and at "Red Bonnet," left the room by way of the secret passage. When his footsteps had died away, "Red Bonnet" arose with a sigh, and releasing the lever, caused the panel to spring back in its place.

## CHAPTER III.

### A STRANGE FOREIGNER ARRIVES.

THE passageway thru which Franz found his way ran underground for some little distance, and had its opening some three hundred feet to the west of Duval's house, near the tiny garden of a workman's cottage. To the uninitiated observer, it might have passed unnoticed. Even the workman who lived in the cottage knew nothing about it. It was thru this passage that the jewel thieves of the underworld gained refuge in Duval's house, when the police were hot on their trail.

When Franz emerged into the open air he gazed about him for a few moments with unseeing eyes. The darkness in the underground corridor had been so deep that it had strangely blinded him for a few seconds. However, he heard voices, speaking in a subdued whisper about thirty feet in front of him, and his eyes, gradually growing more accustomed to the light, discerned the figures of two gendarmes walking along a narrow lane that ran behind the workman's garden. To avoid their seeing him, Franz threw himself on the ground, and lay motionless. The gendarmes halted.

"What was that?" asked one of them, pulling his companion by the sleeve; they both listened, but all that could be heard was the wind sweeping thru the leafless trees, and making the dry leaves on the ground crackle and rustle as they moved, one against the other.

"It was nothing," answered the other. "A rat, probably, running thru the yard. That was all." They both passed on.

As soon as they were out of sight, Franz got up, and walked rapidly in the direction of Rebot's cafe. When he reached there, the dining-room was deserted; even the proprietress had left her stand in the cashier's cage, and was nowhere to be seen. From behind an unpainted partition came voices, some of them coarsened by too much drink. From the direction of the sound, Franz knew that the patrons of Rebot's had gathered in the back room for their usual game of billiards. He twined his way in and out among the white-covered tables, that looked almost ghostly in the semi-darkness of the dining-room, and found his way to the same table where "Red Bonnet" had been sitting a few hours before. He waited for five minutes; nobody came. Then, growing impatient, he tapped the bell on the table.

The hunchback answered his call. On seeing who his customer was, his lips twisted themselves into a smile that was not without a touch of malice.

"Glad to see you back," he said in a French that indicated his southern extraction. "Then you didn't find the lady?"

Franz made a gesture of annoyance, and the hunchback seeing it, instantly assumed a mock-solicitous air.

"My, my, now ain't that too bad?" he said, thinking that Franz had expressed his annoyance because he had missed seeing her. Then, not wishing to miss the opportunity of slyly touching on a sore spot, he went on: "The lady seems to favor our friend Duval, very much. Perhaps, some day," here he paused, shrugged his shoulders mysteriously, as tho not wanting to say too much about the alliance between Duval—whom he admired—and the "Red Bonnet."

Franz sprung to his feet.

"How dare you discuss the lady?" he demanded furiously. "Duval's relationship with her is purely a business one. Never let me hear you link their names together in any other way. Why, she is too fine—too good to wipe her feet on him." The beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and he sank back in his chair, overcome by the vehemence of his speech.

The hunchback's face flushed, whether from shame or fear was hard to say. He waited for Franz to regain his composure, and then, with more respect, asked him to select his dinner, from the card that he held before him. Franz ordered his meal listlessly, and while the hunchback was gone, leaned back in his chair, and gazed ahead of him. How long he sat there, that way, he could not say. But of a sudden, his attention was attracted by the entrance of a man, whom he had never seen before in the cafe.

The newcomer engrossed his attention. He was a man about 50, tall and dark, with a nose shaped like a beak, and a pair of keen, gray eyes. A detective, was Franz's first thought. His practiced eye swept the stranger from head to toe, and took in all the little details of his dress and figure. There was something about the man that stirred vague memories in his mind. Try as he would, he could not rid himself of the impression that he had seen him before. He searched his mind, but could not remember when or where it was. Then, in a flash, he recalled his stay in London, some six months after his failure on the Bourse, and his disappearance from home. It was there that he had seen him. It was at the beginning of his life of crime and thievery. He shrank back into his corner for fear the man would see him. But a glance at the mirror that adorned the wall opposite him reassured him. There was little chance that this man would recognize him after ten years, in which he had lost his health, and had come to look like an old man.

The hunchback brought him his dinner, and poured out a glass of the red wine. Then shuffling along, he approached the other's table. Franz drank his wine, meanwhile listening for any information that might come from his lips. But in this he was disappointed. The stranger merely ordered his dinner, took out a London newspaper, and began to read.

"An Englishman or an American," said Franz to himself. What could he be wanting in this obscure cafe? Why had he come? He kept his eyes riveted on the stranger, who for the most part was entirely unconscious of his presence, following his every move with the eye of a hawk. After he had finished his dinner, he remained at the table. Soon the stranger arose, looked over his bill that the hunchback had brought him, and passed out, putting a few silver pieces on the counter before Madame Rebot, who had returned to her post.

Scarcely had he passed out of the place before Franz was beckoning violently to the hunchback. Instinctively he knew what information Franz was seeking. A stranger in the Cafe Rebot was always an object of curiosity, and a foreigner was doubly so. With an almost childish delight, he stepped over to Franz's table, and stood twisting his spotted towel, round and round in his hands.

"An Englishman," he said, indicating with his thumb the man who had passed out of the cafe, "with plenty of money. He is looking for a girl—or a woman, to be more exact—who was kidnaped from home when she was 5 years old, and carried overseas, first to England and then to France. That was twenty years ago. He says that the woman he is looking for should be dark, with gypsy-like beauty. I believe also, that he said she bore a strawberry mark on her left temple. He traced her from London to France, and thru Havre to Paris. Now he is fine-combing this section of the city for her. There is a reward of 3,000 francs for the man or woman who tells him of her whereabouts."

"What is his name?" asked Franz indifferently, not finding a great deal of interest in the story, because it did not affect one of his own.

"He goes by the name of Graham."

Franz made no further inquiries. He demanded his bill, left ten centimes on the table for the hunchback and lay the gold coin down in front of Madame Rebot. She eyed it suspiciously for a moment, took it gingerly between her fingers, and seeing that it was genuine, and of good weight, passed the silver change across the counter to her customer.

After Franz reached the street, he started out immediately for his own room, which was not more than a half-mile distant. As he walked along, he could not help thinking about the man whom he had seen in the cafe, and speculating on the reasons for his strange search. And in allowing his mind to peruse the subject, the same fear that had gripped him originally, on seeing the stranger, again took hold of him.

The search, he argued, might in all probability be a ruse. Instantly, Franz thought of "Red Bonnet;" she fitted the hunchback's description, as for being dark and of gypsy-like beauty. Franz had always believed that she was one of the Romany people. Some inner voice whispered to him that this man was searching for her, and that once he found her, she would straightway be taken into the courts and sentenced to prison.

It was his duty to warn "Red Bonnet" to keep away from Rebot's Cafe, and, if need be, stay out of the district altogether. With this idea in mind, he retraced his steps rapidly, made his way to the house in which Duval lived, this time entering by the door off of the court. But "Red Bonnet" was no longer there, she had long since departed for her home behind the tiny shop some few squares away. On being assured that she had gained her home in safety, Franz left Duval and made his way homewards, believing that the morrow was time enough to warn her of her danger.

## CHAPTER IV.

### SELLS RIGHT TO LIVE DECENTLY.

AT THE southern end of a street that branches off of the old Latin Quarter there stands a tiny shop with green shutters that cover half of the narrow show window and leave only a small space for the prospective customer to gaze in at the wares displayed. At night, after the street lamps have been lighted, the shutters are pulled down, and the passer-by can catch only a glimpse of the light behind them and of the shadowy figures crossing and recrossing the floor and coming in from the rooms beyond.

The shop is old and musty, with the secluded air of a half-ruined cloister that sits well upon it. Inside, in a fly-specked, finger-marked showcase, reposes an assortment of crucifixes, rosary chains and small brazen images. A few larger plaster of paris figures stand against the dingy walls on brown-stained pedestals and look down on the casual customer with a strange and solemn eye.

It was to this place that "Red Bonnet" repaired, after her conference with Duval and his partner. A series of rapid knocks on the window shutter brought an aged woman to the door. Her face was like cracked parchment and her disheveled mass of hair was topped with a soiled nightcap. She peered out cautiously at the late intruder and, after ascertaining who it was, grudgingly opened the door wide enough to admit "Red Bonnet." A second later it closed again, and save for the sound of the creaking hinges, one might have thought that the place was uninhabited, so desolate and quiet did it seem.

Inside the shop, however, that same placidity did not reign. Immediately on reaching the rooms behind the shop the old crone, showing a spurt of energy and plucking "Red Bonnet" by the sleeve, drew her into a darkened closet that could not be seen from any of the windows, front or rear.

"Well," she asked in a thin nasal tone that betrayed her anxiety, "did you get 'em?"

"Red Bonnet" smiled; it was a twisted, mirthless smile that contained all the bitterness and gloom that had welled up before in the Cafe Rebot, which she had suppressed so mercilessly. Without answering, she removed her hat and placed it on a dusty stand near the door. Then, with a quick, deft movement, she unfastened the pins that held her hair in place. This done, she slipped a wig from her head, thereby loosening a shower of brown ringlets that showed, here and there, a glint of burnished gold under the flare of the candle which the old woman held close to her face.

"A new trick," said "Red Bonnet," shaking back the shock of hair and revealing a livid, bonnet-shaped mark on her left temple. "It was a good way to fool the police, but it has given me a headache."

The old woman grunted, but not out of sympathy. "Why bother about headaches," she asked, "when there are more important things on hand?"

"Red Bonnet," without a word, lifted the wig from the table and, turning it inside out, began to untie an almost invisible cord in the exact center of the crown. With this accomplished, she inserted a fingernail in a tiny crevice which the opening of the cord revealed and folded back a few layers of material that was fine in texture, but well nigh impenetrable. Underneath all these there was a recess wherein lay the diamonds, sparkling and reflecting in rainbow-hued tints the glare of the candle.

The old woman bent over them with a greedy eye and again "Red Bonnet" smiled, but this time with more than a trace of irony. The old woman, however, appeared not to notice the contempt in her companion's eye. She stood the candle down on the table, next to the hat, and rubbed her hands together covetously.

"The pretties," she croaked. "What wouldn't I give to keep just one of them in my possession?"

Instantly "Red Bonnet" realized what this half-questioning wish had meant. From wishing for a jewel the old woman would go, step by step, to taking one. To obviate this possibility, "Red Bonnet" turned on the woman coldly. To her, each tiny bit of concentrated fire meant a year less of this dreadful life. To steal one of them meant to steal a part of her life.

"They've been counted," she said, "back there in Duval's rooms. When I've counted them out you will write down the number that I gave you and sign your name to it. I will keep the slip as a receipt."

Without further ado "Red Bonnet" began to count, first laying several large jewels on the table. In the meanwhile, the old hag glared at her banefully. She watched the jewels, perfect in shape and brilliancy, come out of their sack-like inclosure, pass thru the hands of "Red Bonnet" and finally come to rest in several small heaps on the dusty table.

"Two hundred and twenty-nine of them," said "Red Bonnet" when she had counted them over several times, "and every one of them worth a small fortune. Write the number on a piece of paper."

The old woman did as she was told, but not before she had grumbled about it. At last she handed the "Red Bonnet" a piece of greasy paper, written in cramped characters. Before pocketing it "Red Bonnet" eyed it closely.

This displeased the old woman greatly and she gave voice to a series of oaths and curses that startled even "Red Bonnet." When she had relieved herself in this manner, she passed her hands over the sparkling piles on the table, and asked: "How much are you going to give me to fix these, so that the police cannot find them?"

"Red Bonnet" named a figure—well over a thousand francs. Evidently it was not enough, for the old crone emitted a cackling laugh of derision.

"Do you think I'm a fool?" she mocked. "Even double the price is not enough. Give me gold, English gold, a hundred pounds, and I will do it."

The younger woman looked at her in astonishment, and then shook her head negatively.

"What?" demanded the old woman. "You won't?"

"We cannot."

"You must; such a mass of jewels as

these will net hundreds of thousands of francs."

"Why are you so hard? We cannot afford to give you such an outrageous price."

"Outrageous?" screamed the woman, "how dare you say that? Be reasonable. Remember that I am an old woman; I must live. There is no man who will take care of me, if I am no longer able to keep a roof over my head, or a crust in my larder." She smiled at "Red Bonnet" when she made this insinuating remark, and the livid spot on the girl's forehead flushed an angry red.

The hag, noting it, laughed. "Not without reason did they give you the name of 'Red Bonnet,'" she said, pointing a bony finger at the mark. "If the police should ever catch a glimpse of that red bonnet, you are doomed. Be careful, my dear; hide it from the public gaze."

"Red Bonnet" involuntarily brushed her hand across her forehead. "Tell me," she pleaded, in a voice from which all the virility had gone, "how I came by this mark, and what my real name is. You are the only one who knows. Tell me, please. I cannot bear to remain in ignorance about it."

"How much will you give to know?" sneered the old woman.

"Red Bonnet" shrugged her shoulders helplessly. Numberless times before, she had asked the same question, and had been met with rebuff, when she made her offer. Never had she been able to name a price that would loosen the woman's tongue. She looked away from the wrinkled face before her, and her eyes chanced upon the diamonds that lay on the stand. The sale of these jewels would mark her freedom from this oppressive existence. Still, even that freedom did not weigh against the burning desire that she felt to know her origin. With only this mad desire seething in her brain, she answered impulsively:

"I'll give my share in the diamonds."

The old woman's eyes kindled. "We are coming to terms," she piped; "how much will that be, when they are sold?"

"A quarter of a million francs," said the girl lifelessly.

The hag cackled her reply. "Yes," she said, "I'll tell when you come back with the money. In the meanwhile, you can live as you always have—in ignorance. What you don't know won't hurt you." Saying this, she turned around and shuffled out of the room, her hollow laughter echoing and re-echoing in the girl's ears, as she realized that she had sold her right to live decently and honestly.

## HISTORY OF "RED BONNET."

### CHAPTER V.

BY NINE O'CLOCK the next morning the shutters on the shop window had been raised to their customary position, and the stock within was again displayed to a public that bought but little. Save for a crested cockadoo, perched near the entrance, the place was deserted. When Franz lifted the lock and discovered no one, he tapped on the partition that shielded the rooms beyond from the common gaze. It took some time before there was a response, but finally the same old woman who had admitted "Red Bonnet" the evening before poked her head into the store to see who had come to purchase her wares, and seeing that it was Franz, whom she knew, rather than a customer, she was somewhat disgruntled.

"What do you want?" she asked uncivilly.

"Where is 'Red Bonnet?'" he demanded, ignoring the open hostility in her words and expression of face.

"Gone."

"Gone where?" asked Franz, a strange fear gripping him by the throat. Even before the hag had answered him, he knew that she had gone to the Cafe Rebot, before he had had the time to warn her.

"The deuce you say!" he ejaculated. "Then everything is lost."

The old woman leered at him. "Lost?" she mocked. "How so?"

Franz told her about the stranger who had been a frequent visitor of late at the Cafe Rebot. As his story advanced, the woman's face, seared and marked with age and dissipation, turned a sickly color.

"Good heavens!" she cried. "You are right. All is lost. For me, for you, for all of us. For twenty years now, we have evaded him; he has followed us about from America to England, from England to France. Even in Italy and Spain, where we lived for a short time, he has trailed us, and now he has found us in our lair. We will have to be going."

She said this last with such a show of determination that Franz looked at her in bewilderment.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Anywhere; we will have to scatter. Go, find 'Red Bonnet' and warn her of her danger. Hurry."

Franz, who needed no such urging, was gone before she had finished. He sped down the street in the direction of the cafe, and the old woman, watching his departing figure, allowed herself a moment to smile malignantly at his haste.

"Fool," she hissed under her breath, "he believes everything." With that, she turned, and went behind the shop to finish the work she had left uncompleted when Franz had entered.

Far back, in a corner of the room into which she had drawn "Red Bonnet" the evening before, stood a kettle, its steaming contents exhaling a pungent odor that pervaded the entire first floor of the building, and penetrated the partitions that separated the shop from the other ground-floor dwellings. On seeing that its bubbling black contents had not yet reached a stage of gluey consistency, the old woman scowled.

"The devil take the whole brood of them," she said ill-naturedly; she was thinking not so much of the stranger, who had roused Franz's anxiety, as she was of Franz himself and the girl he was hurrying to protect.

As she stood there, bending over the steaming pot, she could not keep her mind from reverting to the incidents that had brought the stranger to Paris. It had all begun fifteen years earlier, when "Red Bonnet" was still a child. At that time this relentless Nemesis had begun his pursuit, dogging her every footstep, and making her secret hazardous. There had been many times

The Old Woman Bent Over the Jewels With a Greedy Eye.

when she regretted the step she had taken to keep the threat that Edwards, her pal, had made, when the authorities sent him up the river for his part in the kidnaping of the child, Maida Evertson.

At that time she was living in New York, when Edwards, seeing his chance of making a great deal of money by kidnaping a child whose parents had been murdered mysteriously, leaving her to the care of guardians, who administered her estate, induced her, then a woman of forty, full of energy and the love of fine living, to take a hand in the scheme. The plans were laid—the old woman lived them over again, as vividly as tho they had been the happenings of yesterday—and she had gone to serve as a nursemaid in the orphaned child's home.

After weeks spent in patiently cultivating the child's confidence and affection, the little girl disappeared. She herself took her out for a walk in the park, the day that she was mysteriously stolen, and it was she who turned in the alarm, and remained in the city, while the search for the child was being conducted. At last, after several weeks, a letter, ragged and dirty, reached the stricken home. It offered to tell the whereabouts of the child if the sum of fifty thousand dollars were placed in a hollow tree, at the foot of a lane, some distance from the city. From a safe spot she had watched the footman and his guard place the money in the designated tree, but she had not seen the armed men, who had come several hours before and lay in wait for the kidnapers.

That had been the way in which Edwards had fallen into the hands of the police, and had been sent up the river to Sing Sing; she remembered that day in court, when the sentence had been passed. Edwards' expression had been that of an animal fighting at bay. There, in court, while the police tried to silence him, he swore that the world would never know what had become of the lost girl; he promised them that he would repay the guardians for this piece of trickery that had cost him his freedom, by having the child brought up to prey on the class from which she had come. Edwards himself had never lived to see his threat fulfilled; but she, the woman who loved him, had held his word sacred; even before Edwards had reached his prison home, she and the child were crossing the ocean under adequate disguise. The police lost every trace of her, and, in spite of the enormous rewards that were offered for a clew to her whereabouts, it seemed as tho the earth had swallowed her. Not until five or six years later, when she had hidden Maida in the obscurity of the London slums, did the old woman come upon the mysterious stranger. Immediately she recognized him for what he was—one of the shrewdest detectives that Scotland Yard had ever had in its employ. But she had matched her brains against his, and she had won. Maida had been sent away; the careless neighbors scarcely knew that she had gone, and when they were questioned could not even tell whether a child had ever lived in the woman's home.

From that time on, she had known no peace; he followed her across the continent, but after a stretch of two years, in which she had been trailed, she finally eluded him; then for thirteen years she had seen nothing of him. Fondly she imagined herself free, and she had settled down in the seclusion of her little shop. Maida came back to her; by this time she had grown to a girl of twelve, who gave promise of being one of the cleverest thieves that Europe had ever known.

Her identity had been kept a profound secret; most people believed that Maida, or "Red Bonnet," as she was now called, was a true daughter of their own. Only "Red Bonnet" herself still had hazy recollections of the life she had known years before; somewhere, far back in her mind there remained visions of sunny gardens, and a life that had been decent and pure. Countless times, after she had grown up, she begged the old woman to reveal her identity. This the woman refused to do, not so much to thwart the girl as to keep herself safe; but of late years the secret had constituted an ever-increasing barrier between them. "Red Bonnet" could not look upon her foster-mother's face without a feeling of repugnance, and the old woman was coming to regard her as a menace to her own welfare.

Of this the old woman thought as she worked. From time to time she stirred the substance in the pot, until at length she removed it from the fire, and put it on the window sill to cool. When it no longer emitted steam she lifted the pot, and setting it on the table, began her work. First, however, she carefully darkened the room, taking care that the blinds were closed, and the shades drawn. Then, with only the glimmer of a candle to aid her in her labors, she drew the stolen bag of diamonds from a secret recess in the floor and began transforming them, dipping them into the black paste, and rolling them carefully between her thumb and forefinger to make them round. When she had finished with them they looked for all the world like the beads that reposed in the fly-specked counter in the shop window. At last, when this task was finished, she procured a fine needle and punctured each spherule, so that later she would be able to string it on a piece of supple wire. With this much accomplished, she put the beads in a box, which she stowed behind the store counter, and waited for "Red Bonnet's" coming.

### CHAPTER VI.

### THE HUNCHBACK PLANS.

WHEN "Red Bonnet" left the shop in the morning, she hurried to the Cafe Rebot to meet Duval, and complete the last details of her escape from Paris, and her flight from France to America. Even before she entered the cafe Duval's partner had preceded her, and, when she entered, showed her the ticket which he had purchased for her more than an hour earlier; this ticket was to carry her across the ocean under an assumed name. But in spite of all this, "Red Bonnet" was not content.

"Where is the passport?" she whispered, and her voice, tho she tried to make it low, carried some little distance, making the hunchback, who was engaged in wiping off the top of a nearby counter, turn around quickly.

Duval's partner gave her a warning glance. "Be careful," he cautioned between closed lips, "that fellow over there is listening. He may be a police spy."

"Red Bonnet" cast an anxious eye in the hunchback's direction, but he had already resumed his work, and was apparently engrossed in wringing out a rag, which he had just dipped into a pan of soapy water. Seeing this, "Red Bonnet" smiled ironically at the man opposite her.

"What nonsense!" she said, laughing. "That fellow a spy!" Her eye traveled up and down his uncouth figure. "Why, he hasn't enough sense for that. He's a half-wit. I know that, because he's waited on me for more than seven years, ever since I have come to live in Paris permanently."

Duval's partner gave an impatient shrug. "Nevertheless," he advised, "be more careful; as the old saying has it, even the walls have ears."

At that moment Duval himself entered. He was swathed, as the night before, in the long black coat and his face, which had seemed evil under the yellow flare of the lamps, now took on a cruelly fiendish expression. "Red Bonnet" looked at him, not without a great wave of repulsion sweeping over her, and in her mind she could not help comparing his features with those of Franz, whose fine-cut nose and well-chiseled chin, marred and battered as it was by ten years of dissipation and ill-health, still reminded her of better days, which were nothing more than a dream-like memory, the certainty of which she could not attest.

This morning Duval greeted her playfully. He threw back the great cloak which hid his figure, and after unbuttoning his coat, drew out an official document from his inside pocket. "Your passport," he said, handing the paper across the table to "Red Bonnet."

She looked at it for a moment and noted that the name which it bore was the same as that under which her passage to America had been booked. She wondered who had secured it. Her questioning glance provoked a volley of laughter from Duval and his partner.

"There's a pretty little creature living right off the Rue Tivoli, in an attic, where she earns a living for herself and her mother by sewing," said the partner, "who is rather fond of our friend here. He has been good to her more than once, and when he asked her for such a simple little thing like going to the government officials and asking for a passport for herself, she was more than ready to oblige him."

"For herself?" asked "Red Bonnet."

Both men chuckled. "Why shouldn't she, I'd like to know?" asked Duval, whose face mirrored the inner satisfaction he felt for having added another victim to his lists. "The little fool thinks that she is going to America—with me."

"Red Bonnet" could scarce control the sneer that struggled to her lips. For a moment she was of a mind to take the passport and tear it into a thousand pieces, flinging it into Duval's face; but, on second thought, she decided it was

(Continued on Page 6.)

# The Lucky Likeness

## By Horace Barnes

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AT COLUMBUS CIRCLE Ellsworth paused a moment and watched the procession of people, motor cars and carriages. He was uncertain just which way to turn. He wanted to take a walk somewhere to cheer himself up. Just now he had left his scaly brownstone front boarding-house, in West Fifty-Fifth street, and had walked to Eighth avenue and up the four blocks to the Circle.

Would it be Central Park, Fifth avenue, or Riverside Drive? Not the park; he had had shade and shadows enough all week. The shadow of his still unpaid board bill loomed largest of all. Nor yet the avenue; that was all right when he had possessed his top-hat—the one he had bought when he struck town, and his fifty dollars looked big enough to see him into a dozen successful connections. But he had sold that to a slightly used costumer's in Sixth avenue. He laughed at himself now for having been proud of it.

Pride! Yes, that was the trouble with him, he was afraid. There was that promotion racket offered him the day before; because it hadn't seemed just what he wanted, he had put them off. If he had only decided to take it!

No—no shady parks; it would be the sunlit Drive. He headed up Broadway, timing his steps with his light stick as gayly as he could. But by the time he had reached Seventy-Second street, his step was beginning to slacken into a worried lope. In fact, he was so intent upon the pavement, as he crossed at the street, that he walked directly in front of a big touring car booming toward Riverside Drive. Besides the chauffeur, two girls and two young men were in the car.

The chauffeur threw out his clutch and strained at the emergency brake. One of the girls sprang to her feet and screamed as Ellsworth leaped away from the tire. The car stopped and Ellsworth looked toward the girl who had screamed. She was gazing full at him, and the real relief in her eyes, as she looked back over her shoulder, and the car started on its way again, shot electric sparks from his heart up along his arm, so that involuntarily he raised his hat and stood stock still staring after her.

When he reached the Drive the car was out of sight. For a few blocks the passing people and the remembrance of that girl kept up his spirits. And then, gradually, the sense of his real condition was borne back upon him. Even the delighted stage whisper of a woman who pointed him out to her escort as "Mr. Lockwood, the author of 'Snows,'" failed to rouse him to the smile which he had so many times enjoyed when strangers mistook him for a celebrity.

On he trudged. When near One Hundred and Sixteenth street he realized he was very hungry.

He had not partaken of the variegated boarding-house dinner—that well-known Sunday sort with soiled celery, smelly soup, greenish-gray potatoes, and sometimes vegetables spilled, as if by mistake, into birds' bathtubs and left stranded alongside the boarders' plates. He would have enjoyed even that meal, despondent chicken centerpiece and all. But he had lacked the courage necessary to face the dragon eye of the unpaid landlady. He had stayed in his room, and now he was devilish hungry.

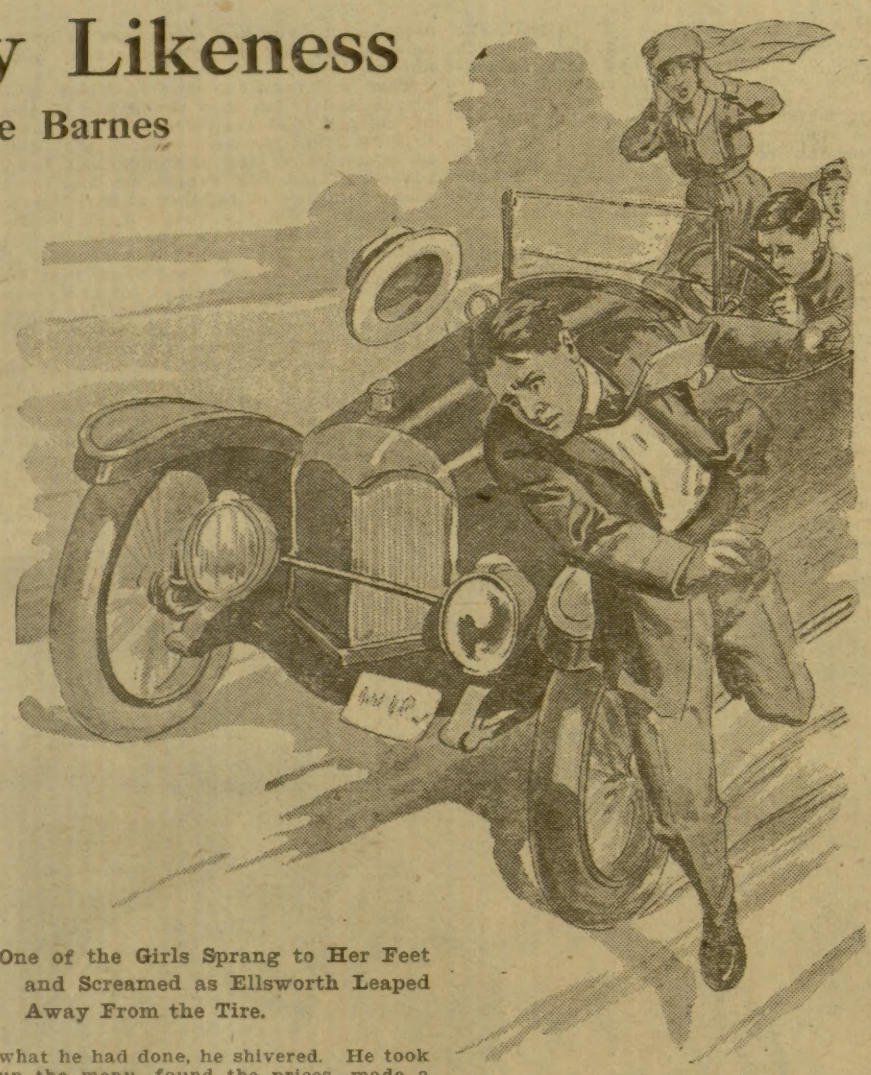
"Must be a beanery up here somewhere," he said to himself, as he plodded along. "Let me see," diving into his pocket and fishing out some small change, "I've still got sixty-two cents. Glad I didn't buy a paper this morning. I may need that nickel for coffee tomorrow. But a quarter will surely get a feed; and the balance will do for my clean collars and carfare."

Walking on, his attention was suddenly arrested by a low, wooden building on his right. Upon inquiry he was assured by a passer-by that the place was a restaurant. Indeed, it was even Claremont, "Historic Claremont," that Ellsworth had chanced upon.

He finally found his way to the low steps, and, in his innocence, entered. Ignoring the blandishments of the nearer waiters, he walked thru to find a table on the river side. As he sat down and discovered the style of the place, a qualm shot thru him, and he resolved to order nothing but a cup of coffee.

A glance to the left showed him the bluish haze of the mysterious river twilight. A glance to the right showed him the waiter, overwhelmingly statuesque, and with eyebrows hoisted. A glance straight ahead, the girl who had stood up in the motor car and screamed. She was looking squarely at him, and his flush was no more sudden nor deep than hers.

Ellsworth felt sure that she would notice what dinner was brought to him. Turning to the high-eyebrowed-one in sudden desperation he ordered soup, tenderloin steak, various vegetables and a half-bottle of claret. Then, realizing



**One of the Girls Sprang to Her Feet and Screamed as Ellsworth Leaped Away From the Tire.**

what he had done, he shivered. He took up the menu, found the prices, made a rapid mental calculation of his bill and a cold bead of perspiration started at the back of his neck.

The total—but why dwell upon his misery? Knowing well that he could not pay, he nevertheless decided that he was not going to forsake his stomach in its hour of need. One tap of his watch pocket recalled to him that his watch had gone the way of his scarf pin, gold links, and the top-hat of lamented memory.

He determined to drag out his meal until that fateful party of four, at the table in front of him, had finished and gone. Then he would send for the manager, explain the plight he was in, and take his arrest quietly.

While he was eating, he noticed that his entrancer's companions would steal glances at him, as if she had been talking about him. And how those four lingered! And the champagne the men consumed! Ellsworth had at last finished the final morsel of his food, and still they sat there.

In his uneasy frame of mind, Ellsworth began to think that his waiter was growing suspicious of him. Now he brought Ellsworth's check, left it, melted away, stayed away a while, returned, coughed, shifted the check the one-thousandth part of an inch, withdrew, and at last approached once more.

Just as he did so the pretty girl leaned towards her escort, and said something to him that made him put down his glass, get unsteadily to his feet, and wabble over to startled Ellsworth.

"I beg your pardon," the stranger said, "but my friends know you; you're Mr. Lockwood, the author of 'Snows;' an' we wan' you over with us at our table."

"I really beg your pardon," rejoined embarrassed Ellsworth, "my name is Ellsworth—not Lockwood."

"O, tha's alrigh'," returned his caller with a sweet smile, as he swayed gently to and fro. "Awf'ly fine of you to be so modest, y' know. But you see we know you, we do, an' you simply got to come over."

He turned toward his own table. "Here," he giggled, "the lion refuses t' be a lion. Come on 'n' make 'm roar!"

The girl whose eyes had so often met those of Ellsworth rose in a flash and joined the men. Ellsworth sprang to his feet as she addressed him:

"It's really too unkind of you, Mr. Lockwood, not to recall me, for I had the honor of drinking tea in actually the same room with you at Mrs. Van Lensing's, last Thursday, and I feel especially privileged to be remembered. Do join us, won't you?"

"I regret it most sincerely, but I must insist that you are mistaken," murmured Ellsworth, his face crimson, and his words stumbling over one another; "but you see my name is Ellsworth, not Lockwood, and I really am nobody at all—distinctly nobody."

"How charming of you!" rejoined the girl, laughing merrily. "I suppose I should respect your wish for privacy; but I happen to be in a most stubborn mood tonight, so you'll please come along peaceably."

Ellsworth opened his mouth once or twice like a goldfish making bubbles in an aquarium, but no words came forth. The girl, suddenly leaning towards his table, thrust his dinner-check swiftly towards her escort.

"That's yours. Take it!" she commanded. "Mr. Lockwood has been our guest all evening—tho he didn't know it until now."

Suddenly comprehending what she had done, Ellsworth made a determined effort to capture the paper; but the grinning wabbler held firmly to it, and the girl was baffling.

"No, Mr. Lockwood," she decided, firmly, "I am eccentric and daring, as you see. Now don't say anything, but sit down."

"Tha's right, Lockwood, ol' chap," put in the amiable second, "come on!"

And he almost hauled Ellsworth into the extra chair that a waiter shoved to that enchanted table.

* * * * * * *

When Ellsworth finally rose with them, it was still as "Mr. Lockwood," and with his bill paid by the fond youth of many drinks, who considered the paying a privilege. And, moreover, he rose under an order—it was no mere invitation—that he ride back with them as far as his hotel; they would be passing right by it.

When they reached the fashionable hotel where lived the real Lockwood, the other girl and the quieter man had been dropped off at their homes. The amiable tippler sat beside the chauffeur, nodding sleepily. In the tonneau, the girl of daring sat alone with Ellsworth.

Ellsworth got out, and the girl leaned towards him with outstretched hand. He took it; and all his planned-out words of gratitude died within him for joy at its touch. Then, at last, words came. "For the four-hundredth time I must tell you," he said, "that I am not Mr. Lockwood. I'm getting out at his hotel lest our friend in the front seat rouse up and throw me out, so convinced is he that I don't know who I am myself. In accepting your hospitality—in letting——" He faltered, and his eyes fell. "Well, that—that dinner-check of mine——" he went on.

"Sh-h-h!" interrupted the girl. "Listen!" She stole a glance at the two in front. The man was asleep, the chauffeur properly deaf and motionless. "The rest of them did not remember that you were the man we almost ran down at Seventy-Second street. They didn't know that—that you had raised your hat. They didn't—must I tell you?—Will you forgive me?—They didn't see your face when you saw your dinner-check—O, forgive me—but I did! And, altho you do resemble him, I knew you were not Mr. Lockwood. I've seen him often. You will forgive me, won't you? And when you get home—look in your left-hand coat pocket. I'm afraid I dropped something in there. Good night!"

The motor hummed, the car gained speed, and soon vanished in the darkness. Ellsworth stood staring after it, while the hot blood drummed in his ears. Then with trembling fingers he extracted a bit of cardboard from his pocket. Going close to one of the pillar-lights in front of the hotel, he read her name, address, and "Do come and take tea with us tomorrow," scribbled beneath.

So she had planned that all out! She had written that at the table!

Ellsworth straightened up. "Will I call?" he said almost aloud. "Will I take that promotion game, and make good? Will I?" Then suddenly, "Jove, I must look like somebody, after all!"

And he broke into a whistle as he swung his stick gayly along the way home.

* * *

# The Branded Smuggler.

(Continued From Page 5.)

better to accept it and make her way to America in disguise. Somehow, she could not help thinking that once she reached New York her troubles and the life she had been leading would be a thing of the past. She knew it was unreasonable to even dream of such a sequel to her unhappy journey, but the idea persisted and she could not root it out. Her thoughts traveled from one possible contingency to another, until she sank into a trance-like state from which the rough voice of Duval awakened her.

"We're on our way now," he said. "Henri"—here he mentioned a police spy whom their money had bribed into silence—"will meet us at my house. Are you wanting to come with us?"

"Red Bonnet" shook her head solemnly. "I'm going to stay here for breakfast," she said, and without further ceremony the two men left her.

In her hand she still held the passport for which Duval had sacrificed a woman's heart and faith in man. She shut her eyes against it—it seemed covered with sin. At that precise moment the greatest desire of her life was to go to the girl and tell her of Duval's duplicity, but when she revolved the matter in her mind she decided that, after all, the girl would probably not believe, and report her to the police. To protect herself she was obliged to keep the passport, which she could scarcely bear to touch. With a sigh for the web of sin in which she was so hopelessly enmeshed, she stowed the paper away in a reticule which she carried on her arm and looked up. The hunchback was standing over her, his misshapen body forming a grotesque shadow on the wall opposite.

"Red Bonnet" was visibly embarrassed. Involuntarily, she brushed her hand across her face, thus disarranging the hair which lay in a wavy fold over her forehead and disclosing the red mark on her temple. The hunchback drew back, startled, but the woman did not notice this.

"Bring me a cup of black coffee and some rolls," she said wearily.

The hunchback shuffled away. Once safe behind the shelter of the kitchen door, he dropped his customary calm and his voice was raised in an excited squeak. "Emile," he said to the cook, "you know the gentleman, the English gentleman, who has been here every day for the last two weeks?"

The cook nodded his head impatiently; who did not know the stranger?

"I have found the woman he is looking for." This the hunchback said triumphantly, like a conqueror who has brought back undreamed of treasure to his native land.

It was the cook's turn to become excited. "What!" he exclaimed incredulously, "you have found such a woman? It is impossible."

"I tell you I have found her, and that I am going to get the reward," shouted the hunchback angrily.

"Well, well, then; who is she?" demanded Emile.

"That I will not tell you," answered the cripple, "for if I were to tell you, more than likely you would go to the man and claim the three thousand francs for your own." And with that he took the cup of extra strong coffee and the three tiny rolls and carried them into the dining-room.

As he placed the food on the table he eyed the woman furtively to see if the red patch was really on her forehead or if the sight of it had been merely an illusion. It was no longer to be seen; in the interval "Red Bonnet" had rearranged her hair. For a second he thought he had been dreaming. Nevertheless, he determined to speak to the stranger about her, and he longed for the appearance of Graham on the scene. But he was doomed to disappointment. As he ambled out to sweep the sidewalk in front of the cafe a shadow fell across his path; he looked up, with a smile, expecting it to be Graham, but it was only Franz, who was coming along at full speed. Breathing heavily, Franz entered the restaurant, and made straight for the table where "Red Bonnet" was sitting.

**The detective from Scotland Yard boards the same boat for America which carries "Red Bonnet," the diamond smuggler, and Franz, whom she has married. They fear the detective, but avoid him by clever disguise. He finds them out, and thwarts their throwing what they suppose to be the diamonds into the sea. After their arrival in New York they escape, and flee to the West. The next installment is alive with thrilling action and rises to great dramatic heights.**

# THE OTHER SIDE

By Margery Land May

Bread and butter make a good steady diet, but Cathleen Bainbright wanted a little sweetening with hers, and her husband found it out before it was too late.

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THE Dick Bainbrights had been married ten years. During the first two of these years they had been foolishly, charmingly happy. They had romped thru life like radiant children engaged in an enthralling game of tag. And then suddenly Dick, Junior, had put in his appearance and the romping had become intermittent and had gradually ceased altogether.

Cathleen Bainbright, pausing on the threshold of her thirtieth year, looked back over her shoulder into the past, and wondered. There were countless reasons why they should have continued being happy, and very few why they should not have. Junior was one of their arguments for happiness. Four-year old Cathleen, all dimples and chubbiness and curls, was another. Then there was Dick's ever-increasing law practice. Out of it had been realized a spacious, tree-shaded home, whose lawn sloped down to a tiny lake. Then a motor had been added to their possessions, and after that a bath house had been built on the farthest side of the lake and a white launch had been fastened to the pier. There were three servants, summer trips, a congenial circle of dancing, bridge-playing friends, simple jewels, pretty gowns and countless other things to make life sweetly and comfortably livable.

But Cathleen wasn't happy. She was beginning to gaze at Dick with questioning, petulant eyes. He had changed, she thought. He irritated her. She found herself watching him, frowningly. Silent, pin-pricking criticism corroded her heart. Had she made a mistake in marrying Dick? she asked herself.

She was thinking these things one late summer's evening as she sat on the wide, vine-screened porch. Suddenly she heard an auto stop in front of the house, heard the door of it slam shut, and, rising from the swing, walked to the steps and watched Dick and Carl Stafford, his partner, as they swung up the graveled walk towards her.

"Hello, honey-child," Bainbright said as he stooped to kiss her.

She gave a strained little laugh and pushed him from her. "Go wash up, silly," she told him, as she turned to meet Stafford's outstretched hand and the quizzical look in his eyes.

Bainbright gave a whimsical smile. "See how they boss us, Carl," he remarked gayly; "tell us when to brush our teeth and comb our hair and all that." He put a light hand on Cathleen's arm. "But I like it," he rejoined cheerfully, and then added as he walked into the hall, "I'll be down in a minute. Leave you two to reshape the universe." Again he laughed and went whistling up the stairs.

The frown of impatience on Kathleen's brow vanished as she lifted her eyes to the face of the man standing before her. Almost subconsciously she compared his look of having been well tubbed and freshly barbered, with Bainbright's rumpled appearance. Why was Dick's dark hair always tousled? Why did his expensive clothes always look as if he had flung himself into them? She had known him to wear purple socks with a green tie. Her artistic soul quivered at such utter disregard of taste. It was just as easy to be careful about those things—especially when one had enough money with which to do it.

"A tu'pence for your thoughts, little lady," Stafford said smilingly.

She sighed a little wearily. "Oh, it's nothing. I was just wishing——" she stopped.

"That everything could be different," he finished for her. "Is that it?"

She laughed guardedly. "Maybe," she answered. "Come, let's sit down." Together they strolled to the swing and seated themselves side by side.

"I tried to get Dick to go hunting with me Sunday, but he wouldn't," Stafford began, as he eyed her appreciatively.

She flushed at his glance. Stafford's nearness always provoked within her an urging of pulses, a quicker beat of heart. She knew that he admired her olive-tinted loveliness. She sensed that he regarded her as something more than a friend.

"Why won't Dick go with you?" she asked at last.

"Oh, cases, business—the usual thing," Stafford answered good-humoredly. "You know Dick. He doesn't even take time to glance in the mirror to see if his tie is on straight." There was an affectionate intonation in his voice. No one could have accused him of disloyalty.

His light words caused a shadow to cloud Cathleen's face. "But you do, don't you?" she rejoined sarcastically.

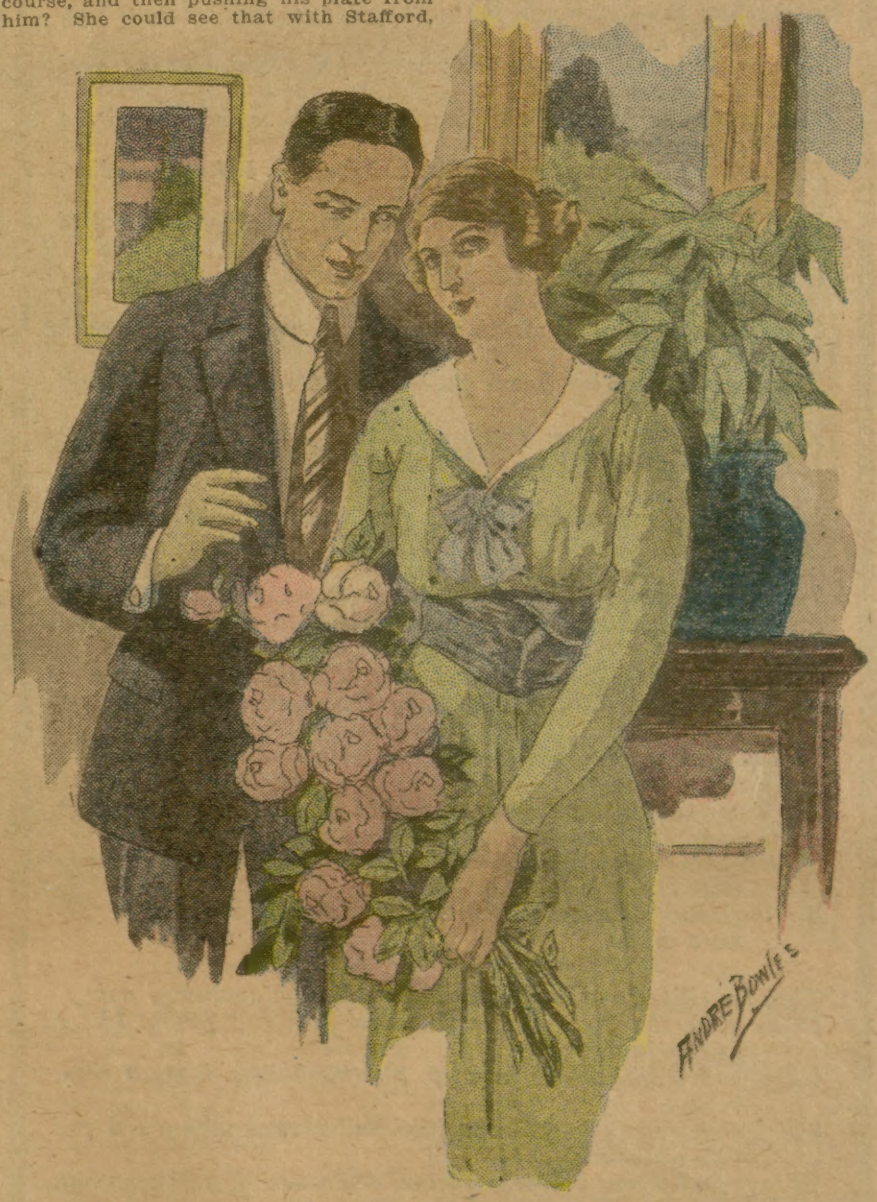
"Sure thing. Selecting my ties is one of the serious duties of my life." His eyes twinkled.

As Cathleen looked at this sprawled, perfectly groomed young aristocrat sitting beside her, a feeling that was alarming, yet smotheringly sweet, rose within her. He was everything that Dick was not—graceful dancer, master at bon mots, commander of all the charming niceties of life, adept sportsman, excellent comrade and flattering friend. Thinking these things a brooding silence fell upon her. During it Cathleen could feel the caress of his eyes upon her.

Suddenly he caught her hand and pressed a long kiss upon its palm. "Cathleen——"

"Don't!" she sprang to her feet in fright, and then, glancing into the hall added in a relieved tone, "Here's Dick."

All during dinner, Cathleen's palm burned where he had kissed it. Her pulses beat all over her body. She could not eat. As the two men talked, she watched them. As she watched them, she compared them and always the advantage was on the side of Stafford, the polished, the fastidious, the nibbler at life. Why couldn't Dick be more like him? Was there any reason for the hurried way he bolted his food, finishing before any one else was half thru with a course, and then pushing his plate from him? She could see that with Stafford, dining was a rite, while with Dick it was something to be done when one was hungry, and to be gotten thru with with the least possible ceremony.




"Not as Lovely as You, Cathleen," He Said. "You Look Like One of Them in That Green Gown. It's Like Petals to a Flower."

When coffee was brought in, Bainbright offered Stafford his cigarette case. "Have one?" he asked.

Stafford turned to Cathleen with a gracious inclination of his head. "You don't object, do you, Mrs. Bainbright?"

"Of course she doesn't," Bainbright broke in hastily.

Stafford smiled. "I may then?" he persisted.

Cathleen laughed a little harshly. "Of course," she replied as she glanced frowningly in Bainbright's direction. Why was it Dick never thought it necessary to show her the little courtesies of life which meant so much to her woman's heart, she wondered bitterly. She had known a time when he had been as fastidious about those things as Stafford. Ah, well, ten years of marriage had dulled all that.

"I must run up and tuck the babies in," she said as she rose. "I'll leave you two to your liquors and smokes."

Instantly Stafford was standing. "Hurry back," he called, as he walked to the door with her, "we'll miss you."

Cathleen threw him an appreciative little glance as she tripped gracefully up the stairway. As she looked back she caught a glimpse of Bainbright lounging back in his chair. The smile which Stafford had invoked faded from her lips, and with a surge of bitter feeling she made her way to the nursery.

The next day Cathleen received a letter from Emily Duval. Emily was a second cousin and her note was written in answer to one from Cathleen asking her to Portsmouth for a visit.

"I'll be with you Friday, Cathie dear," she began. "I'm crazy to see you and dear old Dick. What a lucky duck you were to marry such a chap. I'm convinced that all the nice men are married. It's rather discouraging for us poor bachelor girls."

It was a bubbly, chuckling little letter, Cathleen thought, and it expressed Emily. She would be glad to have her. It would be good to have laughter, and music, and dancing in the house again. Dick was so busy and absorbed in work these days, and she, herself, was growing dull and moody.

"She'll be here Friday, you say?" Dick remarked when Cathleen told him the news. "That's bully! Emily always was the best kind of a pal. I'll tell Carl that she's coming. I daresay he'll be glad to squire her around." He flung his arm about Cathleen and rested his tanned cheek against her dark glossy hair. "What if those two should make a match—would be jolly, wouldn't it?"

Cathleen gave a spiritless laugh. "Oh, let's don't play Cupid, Dick," she said a trifle sharply. "They're both better off as they are."

The look Bainbright gave her was hurt and puzzled. "What's the matter, little girl?" He stretched out a slim, boyish hand. "Aren't you happy, honey-child?"

She busied herself with some flowers, freshly cut from the garden, that lay on the table.

"Don't be foolish, Dick!" she exclaimed.

He shrugged his shoulders and pushed his cap on the back of his head. A lock of hair drooped down on his forehead. His tie and soft collar were slightly awry. He needed a shave.

Cathleen taking in these things gazed at him coldly. "You aren't going downtown looking like that, are you?" she demanded, her cheeks flushed with anger.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked blankly.

"Your hair isn't brushed—you look disheveled and untidy. Haven't you any pride?"

"Oh nonsense, Cathleen. I can't go around looking like a Beau Brummel. I've got a living to make. Here, give me a kiss. I've got to run. Got an appointment at two."

Cathleen lifted her lips to his. "Good-by," she said. He held her to him a moment, and, as he did so, she was aware that he was moist and warm and that there was about him the odor of stale cigars. In a moment he left her to her broodings. Where was the trim, polished, delightful man that she had married—the man who had never forgotten to rise when she entered the room, who helped her with her wraps—the ardent lover-husband who had always been on the alert to please her and to look after her little wishes? Suddenly she hated it all. She hated the drab sameness of her life, the commonplace relationship with her husband that had gradually replaced the idyllic romance of their earlier married years together. She was young. The mother of two children, she was still dainty, lissome—a creature of haunting curves and sylvan grace. She was tired, tired, tired——

With a step that was suddenly heavy, she turned and walked towards the kitchen to see about dinner, and just then the telephone rang. It was Stafford.

"Dick just told me that you were expecting a visitor day after tomorrow," he said; "I've gotten his permission to come out and talk over plans for the good time we're going to give her. What are you doing? May I jog on out?"

Cathleen told him that he could, and named five as the hour. When she hung up the receiver her heart had been healed of its bruise. Singing a gay little tune, she spent a few minutes consulting Mammy Mirah about dinner, and then after giving her directions about tea for that afternoon, ran lightly up the stairs to glance over her fluffy summer frocks.

At five Stafford came with a box of roses in his arms, and something quite as warm as their rich color in his eyes.

"They're lovely," she told him, unwrapping them and holding them up to her flushed face.

"Not as lovely as you, Cathleen," he said softly. She turned her head away from him, and he added casually, "You look like one of them in that green gown. It's like petals to a flower."

She laughed gayly: "You're a dear," she cried happily, as she rang for the butler to put the roses in water.

"And serve us tea in the arbor, Noah," she told him. Then moving with rustling grace to Stafford's side, she said: "Now we'll go out where it's cool and have a little pow-wow about dear old Emily."

He caught her hand and drew her to him. "But I want to talk about you," he whispered eagerly. "Oh, Cathleen, don't you know how it is with me?"

For an instant she yielded herself, soft and trembling, to his embrace, then struggled from his arms. "But you mustn't," she reproached him breathlessly.

He gazed at her—a queer, indefinable light in his eyes. "All right," he agreed gently. "Then I won't, but Lord, the things that I'm thinking every moment when I'm with you." He went to the front door, and held it open for her. "Come, let's go out, and plan the festivities."

And so sitting beneath the fragrant shade of the lilac arbor, tea cups in hand, their lips spoke of Emily and what they were going to do to make her visit a success, but their eyes spoke other things.

That night as Cathleen lay among her cool, lavender-scented pillows she promised herself that she was going to avoid Stafford in the future.

Emily Duval's arrival the next day, however, did not make this avoidance easy. Stafford, immaculately groomed, and heartily cordial, was at the station to meet her. Early that morning an armful of flowers arrived at the house for her, bearing his card. As Cathleen arranged them in vases about the guest-room she marveled again at this man who never forgot, even in his busiest moments, the niceties of life.

Cathleen motored down alone to the station. Dick had promised to meet her there before the train came in. But Emily had been kissed and hugged by Cathleen, and stowed away, with her magazines and grips, in the Bainbright runabout before Dick, hot, dusty and disheveled, rushed up to greet her.

"Terribly busy," he said as he shook her hand warmly. "Gee, but it's fine to see you, Emily. You look as if you might be good for a couple of rounds of golf. I never can get Cathleen to play—says the sun is bad for her complexion." He gave Cathleen a bantering glance. "I dare say you don't mind, tho."

Emily Duval, boyishly slim, lithe, and tanned, laughed. "You bet I don't. We'll have to hit 'em up together, Dickie boy," she returned as she let her fine, brown eyes rest on his dark face. "You look

tired, Dick. Not working too hard, are you?"

Bainbright made a wry grimace. "Eggs at 50 cents a dozen, and gowns at about a thousand times that amount, mean hustling and hard work for a paterfamilias," he groaned. He fished in his pocket for a match and striking it, applied the flame to his half-smoked cigar. "But it's all in a lifetime," he added cheerfully. "Well, I must run along. Mighty glad to have you with us, old pal." He patted Emily's arm affectionately. "I'll see you at lunch. I guess Stafford will have to do the honors. I'm so infernally rushed."

"If Miss Duval will let me, I don't know anything that would make me happier," Stafford said graciously, as with his sleek, blond head bared, he leaned against the door of the car.

Bainbright slapped him on the back, and winked at Emily playfully. "Regular carpet knight, Stafford is. Spills out pretty speeches by the yard. Don't pay any attention to him, Em, old girl. Your Uncle Fuller is going to look after you, this trip."

His words were greeted by laughter, and the next moment Cathleen was starting the car and spurting up the road, leaving the two men and a gust of dust behind her.

Emily's arrival precipitated a breathless round of parties, dances, excursions and moonlight picnics. True to his promise to Cathleen, Stafford played ring-master and kept the frolic going at full tilt. There was early morning swimming with breakfast on the tiny beach of the lake, and late afternoon golfing with supper at the Country Club served underneath the big trees. Bainbright brought Stafford, as a matter of course, out to the house two or three times a week for luncheon and dinner. Occasionally both of the men dropped work early in the afternoons and came home for a set of tennis with Cathleen and Emily. At these times to make the game even, Emily played with Bainbright while Stafford, who matched her excellence in handling the racket, paired off with Cathleen. Gradually as the days went on, Cathleen observed that things were slightly twisted. She suddenly realized that Dick and Emily were always drifting together, while she and Stafford were constantly finding themselves coupled for this thing and that. At first this worried her, but after a time she came to accept it as a matter of course. It was quite evident that Emily did not care much for Stafford, or for the other men he brought to the house to entertain her. She seemed perfectly satisfied to golf, to ride, to chat with Dick. They had always been good friends and for this reason Cathleen saw nothing alarming in the fact that a spirit of good fellowship existed between the two.

Cathleen's alarm was principally for herself. That Stafford brought up the full battery of his fascination when he was with her, she knew. She recognized danger to her peace of mind in this. He was an exceptionally good-looking man, tall, well-knit and blond. His figure was the kind that looks best in evening clothes. His feet were made for shining pumps. But whether he was attired for ceremonious functions or for sports, he always presented a picture of masculine provocativeness. He was the type of man who could never be a woman's friend for long. He would either have to be a great deal more, or a great deal less.

As time went on, Cathleen grew more and more dependent on him for her happiness. She was never unconscious of herself when in his presence. Even when she stooped to caress her chubby, rosy-cheeked children, she could feel his eyes upon her, and knew that he was worshiping her in her sweetly maternal mood.

He said all the cherished things about her frocks and the way she flowered from them, that she had yearned to hear Dick say. His solicitude for her, her comfort and her little wishes was what Dick's had been before she had relegated him from the place of lover to that of husband. She was 30. She neither looked nor felt it, and she experienced a hunger for love that expressed itself in something besides a generous allowance, and a complacent, husbandly kiss that was as well satisfied with her cheek as with her lips.

It was for Stafford, then, that she began to dress and to be elusive and charming. It was to him that she crooned soft, Southern songs, as sitting at her feet on the porch, at night, he twanged harmonious banjo chords. She was so busy thinking of what Stafford was, that she had little time to fret about what Dick was not, tho occasionally she sighed, and wished that he might be different.

But all this came suddenly to an abrupt end. Stafford refused to play the part of friend any more, and told her he was longing for a different role. Dick grew silent and morose and demanded more of her time. Emily received, so she told Cathleen, a hurried summons home.

It was the night before her departure that Cathleen's world became chaotic. She was dancing with Stafford at the Country Club when he suddenly pressed her closely to him.

"I love you," he said, "and you love me. Dick's all right, but he isn't the man for you. He was made for the bread and butter type of woman, not for any one as elusive and will-o'-the-wisp as you."

Cathleen looked up at him—her eyes glinting stars, her cheeks tinged a deep rose. "You mustn't. People are watching us," she gasped as she turned her face away from his hot gaze.

"Then we'll go where people can't watch us," he told her, determinedly. "I have this next dance with Mrs. Hartley. Meet me in the alcove behind the palms. I'll be with you as soon as I can break away."

Just then the music stopped and Cathleen hurried away. She wanted to have time to think before he came to her. Making her way to the palm-hidden alcove she sank down on a wicker bench, and gave herself up to tumultuous imaginings. What was she going to do—what of Dick, and the babies, of Stafford and herself—what, what was she to do?

Suddenly she heard her name being spoken. She started, and gazing thru a rift in the palms saw Dick and Emily sitting in a little corner side by side. There was hardly six feet between their bench and the one on which she sat. Their voices drifted to her thru the pots of ferns that almost shielded them from her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Em, old girl," Dick was saying. "After all, Cathleen is the woman I love. She's the mother of my youngsters, and it doesn't matter about the little things, I guess."

"But, Dick, you're not happy," Emily rejoined heatedly. "She isn't interested in anything you do but the money you make. Any one could see that. You haven't a point in common." She gave a harsh little laugh. "How she can waste her time on a man like Carl Stafford when she has you is more than I can see."

"Oh, you mustn't be too hard on him, Em." Bainbright went on gravely. "Carl's a darned fine fellow. I've been watching him lately, and I'm beginning to see why Cathleen likes him. I guess a woman wants a little icing on her cake once in a while." He laughed ruefully. "I'm such a bread and butter sort of chap. I'll have to try to remember the little things after this, I guess—they mean so much to a woman like Cathleen."

"Oh, Dick, you're not going on with it? Especially after what you said to me the other day, are you?" Emily asked reproachfully.

There was a long pause, then Bainbright said quietly: "I'm sorry, I was wrong. I just felt hurt and neglected and you were such a good pal. But, Em, dear, we've got to look at the big things, not the petty ones. What if she doesn't like to do the things I do—what if I do have to eat my breakfast all alone——"

"Oh, yes, I know, Dick, but it's shameful the way she treats you, the silent criticism, the cutting remarks about your clothes and how you look. She wants to change you into a wax dummy—you—a man!" Emily broke in heatedly.

"Well," he rejoined stanchly, "I guess she's right. Cathleen's a beautiful woman and I'm such a duffer—regular old hayseed. And suppose she doesn't measure up in the little things; she does in the big ones. She's always stood by me thru thick and thin. Why," he went on, warming up to his subject, "about three years after we were married I lost almost everything I had. Foolish investment, it was, too, and she never said a word, just pitched in and helped me out of it until I was on my feet. I guess she's got just as much to bother her in me as I have in her." He rose, and stood before her. "But anyway, it doesn't matter. I married her because I loved her and I'm not going to let some trifling, little thing fool me into thinking she isn't the bulliest little wife a man ever had, and Em, old girl, I've got a lot of faults myself, and I'm going to try to get rid of the ones that worry her. If she wants icing to her cake she shall have it, bless her, and she won't have to go to any other man for it. I'll see to that."

As they moved out of earshot Cathleen buried her face in her hands. For the first time she realized that there was another side to the story. If Dick had failed her in countless little ways she had also failed him. It was true that she never tried to take any interest in his golf and books, and his boyish enthusiasm about fishing. It was true that she said things to hurt and wound him, and yet he had never failed in the big crises of life. Memories came back and stung her to self-shame and remorse. She remembered how tender he had been during her long illness after little Cathleen's birth. She knew that she had been cross and petulant during the weary days of her invalidism, but he had never made her feel that she was. He had nursed her and waited on her with more than womanly tenderness. Nothing was too much trouble for him. There were other things, too, that came back to her. He had supported her mother for two years before her death. He had gone without many of the things he delighted in, in order to do so. He had given up smoking, and had resigned from two of his clubs so that he could meet the expense, and he had never complained. That was the beautiful part of it all, of everything he had ever done. He never complained. After all, he was right; it didn't matter about the little things, and in the future she, too, must try to do better, to be sweeter with him and more of a companion.

"Well, little girl," a voice said at her side.

She glanced up to meet Stafford's gaze. He sat down beside her and stretched out his hand to take hers, but she recoiled from him.

"Why, Cathleen, what is the matter?" he asked, "don't you know that I love you and that I came to tell you what life would mean to me with you?" His voice was gently reproachful.

"Oh, but you mustn't—you can't—it's Dick that I love," she told him breathlessly.

He leaned forward eagerly. "But he isn't the man for you. You're not happy with him. Your life is drab and commonplace and dull when it ought to be resplendent and beautiful as I can make it, Cathleen," he argued tensely.

"No, no, you don't understand. I thought that, too—until—until—just now——"

He looked at her blankly. "But why, just now? Why, Cathleen, I don't understand?"

"Oh, but you would if you knew how fine he was in the big things. I had forgotten myself for a while, and I guess," she lifted tearful eyes to his, "I guess I haven't been all that he wants, either—not as kind or as helpful as I could have been had I not been so blind and selfish." She rose and he sprang to her side and attempted to take her in his arms.

"Do you mean that you don't love me, Cathleen?" he asked gravely. "Do you mean that you don't want me to tell you that I love you?"

She put a gentle hand on his arm. "I'm afraid that is it, Carl. I loved him very much once, and now I see that I've loved him all along, but—I—I—just lost sight of things for a while. I'm sorry." She held out her hand to him. "Good night, dear, dear friend."

He stood with his arms hanging heavily at his sides, and his head bowed. "Good-by," he said, tonelessly.

That night, after she had slipped into a negligee of rainbow tulle, Cathleen tiptoed to the door of her husband's room. She hesitated a moment, and then knocked. With a quick step, he crossed the room and threw open the door. He was in his bathrobe and a pipe was between his teeth.

"Why, sweetheart," he cried, "I thought you were tucked in bed and fast asleep." He held out his arms and she went to him.

"I just came to tell you good night and say I love you, Dick," she whispered, as she put her hands on his shoulders and rubbed her cheek against his.

"Why, little girl," he said, as he caught her deeply in his arms.

The next morning Cathleen poured Dick's coffee for him at the breakfast table. As her slim hands hovered about the silver urn and Dresden cups, Bainbright gave her an affectionate glance.

"By the way, sweetheart," he said, "after we've put Emily on the train, suppose you go with me and help me select some ties?"

* * *

## DEAD MEN THREE

*There were three of them trapped in an old chateau—Black Wolf and Terry and Dale,*
*And round them clamored the surging Huns, with weapons that would not fail.*
*So they held, each man, to his vantage point, and sent the steel in a storm*
*That broke the force of the frantic rush and scythe mowed the graygreen swarm.*
*Black Wolf, the son of a Shawnee chief, and a bad buck Indian, too,*
*Grinned as he ground at his Lewis gun, while its "tac-tac" drilled them thru.*
*Gone were the ways that the white man taught, and the polish of old Carlisle—*
*The Indian shouted his death song high, then bent to work with a smile;*
*A volley shattered the Lewis gun—then he tore from the ancient wall*
*A battleax of the olden days, and met the assault in the hall.*
*His was a death that the greatest chiefs might seek in a masterly pride,*
*For hand to hand, with a paleface foe, he went out as Tecumseh died!*

*Terry, the gunman, Bowery boy, fresh from a stretch in the pen,*
*Fired thru the smoke till a stricken mass piled up in that devils' den—*
*He smashed his rifle over a head—then his automatic gun*
*Answered his hand like a living thing as each shot sent death to a Hun.*
*He had broken his word to the warden, yes—and under a new coined name*
*The honor man of the prison squad had plunged in the mightiest game.*
*His hand was red and his heart was black—at least so the records said—*
*But the ledger balanced and all was square as the boy pitched forward dead!*

*Then the citified and handsome Dale, at bay on a winding stair,*
*Drove back the press of the foremost foes and fought like a grizzly bear.*
*They rushed in pellmell fury up, and his bullets dropped them back,*
*Till the stairway's length was filled and choked with a red and hideous wrack.*
*They grappled him and dragged him down—as he strove beneath their feet*
*His dulling ears hear distant shouts—and a bugle called retreat!*
*The Huns gave way—they staggered out—they fled from the iron will*
*Of the Dead Men Three who had held hard till the Flag came over the hill!*

—W. A. PHELON.

### Had a Call.

A COLORED man in Philadelphia requested his employer to release him so that he could go South.

"What do you want to go for, Lafayette?"

"Cos I'se called to a church down dar."

"Called to a church? What are you going to be?"

"I'se goin' to be sumfin. I dunno whedder I be de pasture or de sextant or de vestureman, but I'ss going to be sumfin."

*The Innocent Suffers for the Guilty in the Third Installment of*

# Jack Urquart's Double

By Annie B. Quimby

## What the Story Is About

A YOUNG woman is dragged before a police judge for trying to drown herself and her baby. She is placed in an asylum for a short time, and the child is sent to an orphanage. Later, the mother seeks the baby, but finds it has been adopted by a woman named Heriot. Unable to locate it, she marries again. Her husband is a rich mill operator in the village of Fraserville. Two more sons are born by this marriage. Art, the younger son, betrays Mercy Fisher, daughter of an old night watchman at the mills. With the aid of an unscrupulous lawyer named Blackburn, Art removes the girl to the city of Ottawa. The father of the two boys dies suddenly. Art desires to inherit everything, and tries to prove that his older brother, Jack, is an illegitimate son. Mrs. Urquart denies it. Art's attorney, Blackburn, tries to prove it, but fails. Art and his attorney then locate Jack Heriot, who looks exactly like Jack Urquart, and start scheming. In the meantime, Art tries to make love to Jack's fiancee, Grace Renton, but she repulses him, and he threatens that he will make married life a horror for her when she becomes the wife of Jack. On going to tell his mother that he is to be married at once to Grace Renton, the mother tells Jack of her first marriage to Robert Thurlow, of his deserting her, and later his death thru accident. Also of the first child which she could not find, whom she also called Jack. While Art is in Ottawa to visit Mercy and hide her away even more safely, Jack weds Grace. Art entices Jack to the city thru a telegram, lures him to a house, and by doping him changes his identity. Jack Heriot, who is Jack Urquart's double, is given Urquart's clothes, while the latter is dressed in Heriot's clothing, and turned over to the police as Jack Heriot, the highwayman. Mercy, who is in the house, sees Art Urquart, Blackburn, the lawyer, and Jack Heriot victimize Jack Urquart. In the meantime Mrs. Urquart, the boys' mother, broken-hearted, has fled to a convent and become a nun.

The above will enable you to go ahead with the installment this week. Back copies containing the earlier chapters may be bought from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 27, dated July 6.

"Gutter Rats You Are, Every One of You."

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### CHAPTER XV.

### SISTER ROSE.

WHEN Mercy Fisher regained consciousness she was lying on the bed in her own room, and Mrs. Heriot was bending over her. The day was far spent, and the sun was slowly sinking in a sky of cloudless blue. In the calm peacefulness of that perfect summer day, there was naught to whisper of the terrible tragedy that had that day darkened the life of Jack Urquart. Henceforth life for him would be a continual round of weary days and sleepless nights.

When Mercy awoke to reason she had a vague idea that something terrible had happened. She felt not unlike one does when awakening from a hideous nightmare. She shivered. What horrible ideas were crowding her brain! Surely it was a dream. Just then the old woman's voice broke in upon her thoughts, and she realized that she had not been dreaming.

"You're feeling better Miss?" Mrs. Heriot asked anxiously. "You have been ill for hours. I found you lying on the floor."

Mercy covered her face and began to sob.

"I was not dreaming, then?" she moaned. "Oh, God! It was all real!"

A fearful, startled look sprang into the old woman's eyes.

"What is all real, honey?" she asked.

"Where is Jack Urquart?" Mercy asked, trying bravely to control her emotions.

"Jack Urquart? I don't know what you mean, Miss. You've been having bad dreams, and no wonder. But you must keep quiet, the doctor said so, for the time is drawing near."

But the girl shook her head.

"What terrible thing have Art and the other man done with Jack? Have they murdered him?" she asked, and her voice sank to a whisper.

The old woman's face darkened, and an anxious look crept into her crafty eyes.

"What do you know of Art Urquart?" she questioned sharply.

"Know!" cried Mercy. "Would to God I had died before I had ever seen him!" And the tears she could not restrain flowed down her cheeks, at the remembrance of his cruel words. "Only the old night-watch's daughter."

"Ah!" the old woman exclaimed. "It's not the lawyer fellow, then?"

Mercy rose slowly from her bed, her face burning with shame.

"I shall go home at once, Mrs. Heriot. I will go home to mother and father. It was wrong of me to leave them. They will understand, if all the world does not."

"You must remain in bed, Miss, indeed you must," Mrs. Heriot said sharply.

"No, no! I cannot! I will not!" she cried wildly. "I must go home! I must! I must!"

Mercy rose as tho she would leave the room, but the woman caught her and drew her back.

"You can't leave this house at present. I have strict orders to see that you don't escape."

Mercy fought desperately, but the woman clung to her with the desperation of despair. A few moments' terrible struggle, and Mercy lay unconscious on the floor. The woman lifted her gently in her strong arms and laid her on the bed.

"So it's Art Urquart," she murmured to herself. "Poor child! I pity you. You need expect no mercy from him." She gently pushed the hair from the fair childish face. "Poor child!" she murmured again. "She's little more than a baby," and a sympathetic tear stole down her withered old face and fell on the girl's cold white face. "But what am I to do with her? If I let her go she'll tell, and that will mean the Central for us all."

An hour later a messenger boy brought a message to Mrs. Conroy. It read:

"Send Art Urquart or the lawyer fellow here at once. The girl is going to be troublesome."

The following day Art Urquart went to the address given him by Mrs. Conroy as the house where Mercy lodged. He did not notice until quite close to the place that the number given was that of the house where Jack Heriot's mother lived. Then he remembered the woman lodger spoken of by Mrs. Heriot, and he cursed himself and the old woman for being such blind stupid moles.

He rang the bell and was admitted by Mrs. Heriot.

"Why didn't you tell me that Mercy Fisher lodged with you?" he demanded irritably.

"Why didn't you tell me that you were the man that kept the girl at my sister's? How was I to know that she was anything to you?"

It was apparent that Mrs. Heriot was in no humor to shoulder the mistake. Therefore, it would be policy to agree with her.

"No, you were not to blame, of course," he said soothingly. "Mrs. Conroy should have mentioned the name of her sister with whom the girl was to lodge; and stupidly enough I never thought to ask her. It was all a mistake from the start. But I presume there will be no serious results."

"Don't be so sure of that. The girl knows all."

Art Urquart's face turned white.

"She knows all!" he cried hoarsely. "But you told me you locked her in her room?"

"And I told you what I believed to be the truth. I locked her room door, but it seems she was not in her room."

For a few minutes the woman was silent, and the man paced the floor in rage.

"But she can't possibly know all! She only suspects," he cried.

"You're mistaken, sir. The girl knows all! She was in the closet of the room where you took your brother. She knows all, sir!" the woman cried convincingly.

The terrible truth rushed in upon him like an avenging angel. The knowledge that his guilt was known to the girl whose life he had ruined, whose faith he had betrayed, was bitter and humiliating.

"She shall never use that knowledge against us, Mrs. Heriot. I have power enough over her to keep her silent!" he cried, his face stern and set.

"While the child remains under my roof you shall not harm her. I should think you had done her harm enough already." Her voice was accusing and bitter.

"Hang it all, woman! I don't intend to harm her. It is equally to your advantage to keep her silent. I think I had better see her before I go." But Mrs. Heriot shook her head.

"The child is too miserable to see any one. You must wait."

A muttered curse fell from his lips, but she heeded it not.

"In the meantime, then, you will see that she does not escape," he said sharply.

"It will be some time before she will be able to try to escape. She is seriously ill."

"See that she has proper care then, Mrs. Heriot. It might prove rather awkward were anything to happen to her just now, and a public investigation follow. Here is fifty dollars for present needs, and I think I may depend on your keeping silent about the affair."

The woman took the money and nodded assent.

Five minutes later Art Urquart boarded a car for Ottawa, and his thoughts were conflicting and bitter. Surely fate had dealt him a hard blow in sending Mercy to the very house in which his evil designs had been carried out. At Bank street he alighted and strolled idly about. Almost unconsciously he paused before the Cathedral. A long black line of nuns were entering for prayer. He stood still and scanned the face of each as she passed. Then a pale nun, with a face like palest wax, and a drooping head, passed. For an instant their eyes met, and recognition flashed from both, but neither spoke. The pale nun, who was known as "Sister Rose," passed on, and with the other sisters entered the Cathedral.

For a moment Art Urquart gazed after the drooping figure, then he entered the Cathedral, also.

Blackburn had told him of his mother's departure, but he had ceased to remember it, until the pale, sad face of Sister Rose had risen before him. It was the face of his own mother.

Art Urquart's eyes had singled out the nun with the sad face and drooping head, while he languidly listened to the words of the priest.

"The fool saith in his heart there is no God." That was the text, repeated again and again, until every pillar, arch and statue seemed to echo it.

Art Urquart listened vaguely, only half comprehending the words of the priest, whose burning eyes searched the faces of the great mute throng.

"Men do evil deeds, and think evil thoughts, and justify them in their own evil minds. The fool saith in his heart there is no God! Let man beware of the lie he would tell to his own heart. For the wages of sin is death."

Art Urquart's face grew white, and his hands trembled; but his emotion was only momentary. The curl of the hard, stern lips told that his good angel had again fought for his soul, and lost.

The priest continued: "The world and the things of the world change continually, but man changeth not. The stars that hang twinkling in the sky have hung there for ages. Before man was they had twinkled there. The river that flows thru our city tonight flowed there centuries ago. Generations of men and women have lived and died, and still the same waters wash the same old shores. Yet the stars and the river will vanish, but man will remain when time has ceased to be. All things shall perish, but the soul shall live eternal."

The sermon was finished, and there was a rustle among the congregation. Faces that had been pale and drawn with fear, or shadowed with remorse, or glorified with the spirit of God, resumed their normal expressions.

A hymn was sung by the white-robed choir. It floated up to the blue roof, where miniature stars glittered. The soft sweet notes floated thru the pictured windows, and were lost in the throbbing city street. There was one voice that did not echo the hymn. The cold, scornful lips of Art Urquart were but the outward sign of the cold, scornful, merciless heart within.

He was asking himself: Was it true, that when the stars and the rivers had ceased to be, still man should endure? Poof! Men had died, and their places had been filled by others, since the beginning

of time. Who should say that they still endured? They had lived, believed, died, and were laid away. Their sins and sorrows, virtues and noble deeds, had gone with them, and no voice came from the grave to tell us of the life eternal. It was all a dream, this hope of a future life. But it was a dream from which there would be no rude awakening to know that it was only a dream.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A FEW days after Urquart had visited the police, a man who answered the description perfectly of Jack Heriot was arrested. His trial was short. But there was a strange element in the news-

**"You Are Mistaken, Sir, the Girl Knows All.**

paper account of the case in which the robber declared that he was not the man the police sought. The newspaper account of the case was:

"Jack Heriot, the notorious hold-up man, who, at different times, terrorized various residential sections of the city by his daring street hold-ups and house robberies before his capture, has been sentenced to serve a seven-year term in the penitentiary. Mr. and Mrs. Henry were his last victims. The pocketbook and papers stolen from Mr. Henry were found on the highwayman's person when arrested. The prisoner set up the astonishing plea of mistaken identity. He denied his name was Jack Heriot, and claimed to be Jack Urquart. He was identified as Jack Heriot, however, by a number of witnesses, among whom was his aged mother, whose evidence was given with reluctance and many tears. The evidence was most damning and conclusive, and painful beyond the power of pen to describe; when a son so unnatural should deny his own mother. The claim to be Jack Urquart was exploded like a toy balloon when the real Jack Urquart was placed on the stand. The resemblance between the two men is most striking and singular, and it would not be a difficult thing for one to impersonate the other. As a last straw of defense the prisoner asked that the wife of Jack Urquart be brought before the court, but as it was explained that Mrs. Urquart was seriously ill at her mother's home, the court wisely decided against the application."

A week passed, and the public had almost forgotten Jack Heriot, when the following paragraph appeared in an evening paper:

"It has just been learned that the prisoner, Jack Heriot, who was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for highway robbery, was taken violently ill with fever upon his arrival at Kingston, and little hope is held out for his recovery. Certain rumors are afloat that the defense set up at the trial should have been prosecuted more vigorously, and might have had different results."

It was just another case of the innocent suffering for the guilty. Once again the courts of justice had condemned an honest man. Jack Urquart, whose life had been irreproachable in every way, was beginning to serve a seven-year term for the crimes of Jack Heriot, the highwayman.

The private room of the Mother Superior of the Sacred Heart Convent was a homely chamber, containing only a heavy oak table and two chairs of the same substantial wood. The walls were a dull hue, and on either side of the table hung two oil paintings, one of the "Virgin and Child," the other "The Flight Into Egypt." Besides these two pictures a few text cards hung from the walls.

Ten days had elapsed since Art Urquart had attended mass in the Cathedral, and recognized his mother among the nuns of the Sacred Heart. The Mother Superior sat in her private room, and a sister knelt at her feet.

"Mother, I have sinned, grievously sinned," she said in a tremulous whisper, "and my sin has brought terrible punishment."

"Sin is always punished, my daughter. Speak on."

"It is thirty years since I sinned so terribly, mother. When I was only seventeen years of age, I met a young man whose handsome face and flattering tongue pleased my girlish fancy. I thought him so true and noble, Mother, and, oh, I was terribly deceived! I was the only child of a widowed mother, and I had been reared in luxury. My mother's dearest wish was that I should become a nun. I had promised, and then I met the man whom I have spoken of and we eloped."

The lips of the Mother Superior moved in silent prayer.

"What was his name, my daughter?"

"Thurlow. We came from Quebec to Ottawa. A child was born, and we called him Jack. My husband's love grew cold and died. It may have been my fault. I may have failed to make him happy. He left me, and, oh, he said I was not his wife!"

The voice faltered, the whole body quivered.

"Well, my daughter?"

"When he left me, Mother, I attempted to drown myself and the little one, but they rescued me. I was deemed a dangerous person, and was placed in an asylum, and my baby, my little Jack, was placed in an orphanage. He was later adopted by a couple living in Hintonburg."

"But, my daughter, were you a lawful wife?"

"Yes, Mother, I was a lawful wife. I have since ascertained that the ceremony was legal and binding."

"And the child?" the Mother asked.

"The child has been lost to me, Mother, but I know that he lives. I have seen him."

"Go on, my daughter."

"My child was lost to me, as I thought, forever. I married again, but I did not deceive my husband. I told him of my former marriage. He was a good man, Mother, and he understood. We were happy. Two sons were born and grew to manhood. Then my husband died."

There was a sob, and the penitent raised her pale face.

"My eldest son grew to be the image of my little lost darling—Jack. Every feature, every gesture was the same. Partly to remind me of my lost boy, and partly to make me forget him, I called the second child Jack. My youngest son I called Arthur. I thought my first child dead. For thirty years I had heard nothing of him. But our lives have crossed at last.

"Mother, my son, the child of that first terrible marriage, my baby for whom I wept for weeks, my darling whose loss was all but the loss of his mother's soul, my little lost child has grown to manhood, a thief and an outcast."

Again the lips of the Mother Superior moved in silent prayer.

"He is the man known to the world as the real Jack Heriot, but to me he is Jack Thurlow, my son."

"My dear daughter, you sinned, but your punishment has been terrible. Heriot—Jack Heriot. Is that not the man who has been sentenced for highway robbery?"

"It is the name, but not the man who committed the terrible deed. Mother, the crime was committed by my son, Jack Thurlow, but it is my son, Jack Urquart, who has been sentenced."

"My dear sorrowing daughter," the Superior faltered.

"I was in the court and heard all," the sister confessed. "I alone knew the truth. Bear with me that I transgressed the laws of this order. Think, kind Mother, that the nun was first the woman and the mother. I heard all. I listened to the charge that convicted my son, Jack Thurlow, but sent to prison my son, Jack Urquart. One son was guilty before God and man; the other was innocent. I heard him deny the name they gave him, and I alone could have told them that he spoke the truth."

"What did you do, my daughter?"

"Mother, I did nothing. An awful conflict was raging in my soul. I could not exonerate one son without condemning the other, and both were my own flesh and blood."

"Horrible!" the Superior cried. "But, my daughter, one was innocent, the other guilty."

"It was so, Mother, but both were my own children. It is hard for a mother to condemn her own child. I was weak, Mother, and I shrank from revealing my past. It seemed to me that I was dumb with horror and despair. I could not move or think. I have told you all, Mother. Tell me what I must do?"

"My dear daughter, I dare not say what you should do. We must humble ourselves before the cross, and pray for guidance."

The Superior rose and took the crucifix in her hand. The sister did likewise, and together they left the convent and entered the silent chapel.

The last rays of the setting sun touched the colored windows, and cast a subdued glow oven the altar. Inside a sacred stillness reigned. It fell like healing balm upon the hearts of the two women. Down upon their knees they went together, and prayed for light and guidance. After a time the Superior rose, but the sister knelt on; darkness fell and she was still kneeling; and when the east was streaked with the first rays of dawn, the dim light fell on her still bowed head.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### JACK'S DOUBLE REBELS.

IN THE village all was silent and peaceful. The men who toiled in the Urquart mills sat about their cottage doors, resting.

Suddenly the calm evening stillness was broken. Down the street came Jack Urquart with a dozen followers. They were singing a drinking song, and the harsh notes of their maudlin voices echoed shrilly on the calm evening air, as they sang:

"We won't go home until morning.
Till daylight does appear."

"It would be a wonder, indeed, if he did go home before morning," said "Honest" Jimmy Johnston to his wife. "The rowdy is ruinin' all the men of the village. He's takin' the bread from the women and children and givin' it to the rum seller."

The drunken crew came on, singing and waving their hats.

"What has come over the lad?" the good wife said. "He was once as bonnie a lad as was in the village."

"Rightly spoken, wife," "Honest" Jimmy replied. "I sometimes think that trial in Ottawa was not on the square. Certain it is that a few days changed Jack Urquart from a respected gentleman to one of the lowest rowdies. He's different every way, except his looks."

"What's it going to be now, Jimmy?" the wife cried.

The drunken crew had suddenly ceased singing, and oaths and angry shouts filled the air.

"Give it to him, Mickie!" a voice shouted.

"Break his durn neck, Mr. Jack!" another voice cried.

A general street brawl followed. Fists and boots and bottles were used indiscriminately, and blood flowed freely. Children ran crying to their mothers, and women turned their faces away to shut out the horrible sight. Men gathered quickly, and the drunken rowdies were roughly separated.

Two men grabbed Jack Urquart by the arms and jerked him to his feet. He was much soberer now than he had been ten minutes ago. He shook the dust from his coat, and wiped his blood-smeared face.

"That's what a gentleman gets by mixing with such gutter rats!" he cried angrily.

"Gutter rats, indeed! I should like to know who made us gutter rats, then? We were sober-law-abidin' men until after that queer affair o' yourn in the city."

"Right you are, Mickie!" a chorus of voices cried.

"Our women didn't have to go in rags, or our children cry for bread, then," another cried bitterly.

A murmur of approval went around.

"And he calls us gutter rats," Mickie roared.

"And gutter rats you are, every one of you. You——"

He never finished the sentence. There was the crashing of glass, and the supposed Jack Urquart fell senseless to the ground, a gaping cut in the side of his head near the temple. Alarmed at what had occurred, the others, one by one, slunk away.

A doctor was hastily summoned. Jack Urquart, still unconscious, was taken home.

"He's gone home before mornin', after all, wife," "Honest" Jimmy observed, with a grin.

A few days later Jack Urquart was about again. The wound had not been as serious as was at first anticipated. But the white bandage was an irksome reminder of that humiliating affair.

"I wish a few words with you in the office," Art Urquart said brusquely.

"What's the row now, I wonder," Jack thought, as he slowly followed.

Art Urquart sat down at his desk and smoothed out some papers. Inspecting them carefully, he laid them to one side.

"You will please sign your name here," he said, indicating a blank space, "and here, and here," pushing two other papers forward.

"You seem to have a lot of business on hand, old boy," the other jeered. "I'll just take a glance at these papers. It's about time I began to notice what I sign."

Art started, and his face suddenly paled. The other coolly examined the papers, and pushed them aside.

"Guess I'll not sign these today," he said significantly.

Art Urquart's face was working strangely. It was the first time the other had refused to do his bidding.

"You will sign those at once," he said sharply. "I have no time to waste."

"I shan't sign them at all," was the reply.

Art Urquart rose to his feet and stared incredulously at the other. It was the first time he had realized how much he was in the other's power.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I mean to be a fool no longer. I will be master in my own house after this."

For a moment Art Urquart did not speak, but the muscles of his face worked convulsively.

"Remember the result if you disobey me," he threatened.

"Do your worst, old man! You proved me to be Jack Urquart, you'll have a time proving I'm not he, now," he sneered.

"You will sign these papers now, and save us both trouble." And Art again laid the papers before him, and handed him a pen.

"Not this time, unless——" and he paused.

"Unless what?" the other asked sharply.

"Well, I might possibly do it for ten thousand. You see, I'm rather hard up just now."

"You have had your allowance," the other coolly answered. "I suppose you have blown it in with that rowdy gang you associate with. I tell you I am tired of the way you are going on," he said, and his face was dark and angry.

"And I'm tired of it all, too," the other replied hotly. "Tired of asking for what is rightfully my own! Tired of being master, and yet only a slave! I tell you what it is, I've a mind to chuck the whole thing. I'll see Blackburn, I will. I ain't going to be under anybody's thumb any longer."

Art Urquart's face was cold and stern, and his hands worked nervously. He walked calmly to the desk, however, and wrote out a check, and handed it to the other.

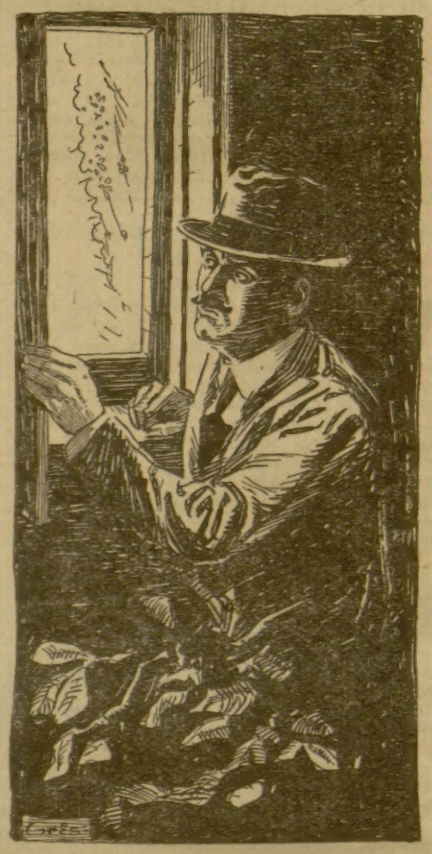
"While you are engaged in spending this, you had better reconsider what you have said. Otherwise this may be the last of the Urquart dollars you may ever have the opportunity of spending. Don't forget what I said to you the night we changed your name. You are Jack Urquart only so long as you obey me. When you cease to do that you are Jack Heriot again." His face was cold and set, his voice threatening, and his whole manner calculated to inspire awe and fear.

The other laughed recklessly.

"You daren't do it, old man. To prove me Jack Heriot, you would have to put the halter around your own neck. I am Jack Urquart sure enough, old man," and he laughed coarsely.

Art's face grew crimson.

"If you think I would be afraid to denounce you, then you are as usual, mistaken. I will denounce you if you



**Advancing Cautiously, He Peered Into the Room.**

defy me, and take the results," was the reply. And something in his face, said that he would.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### "SINS OF THE PARENTS."

THE glow of the setting sun added to the rare beauty of the September day. The machinery in the great mills had ceased to groan and throb. The tall smokestacks rose like black specters against the evening sky. The towering piles of lumber caught the last gleams of golden light. Art Urquart was standing among the lumber piles, his pale, thin face haggard and miserable.

At the other end of the yard, down by the woolen mills, old Josiah Fisher was

going his rounds as nightwatch. His hair had grown whiter since Mercy had gone and a look of mute suffering and despair, of hopeless resignation, had settled over his kindly old face.

Art watched him going his weary rounds, and his face softened a trifle, his eyes grew less hard and cold.

"Poor old chap! It was hard on him," he muttered, and sighed.

He was beginning to find out that the way of the transgressor is hard.

Instinctively his eyes sought the little whitewashed cottage on the hillside, and his thoughts turned to Mercy Fisher. Where was she now? For the sake of her child her lips had been sealed. His terrible secret had been safe with her. How innocent she had been to believe he could separate her from the child should she reveal the truth! Two years had elapsed since she and the child had disappeared from Mrs. Heriot's. Was she living, or was she dead? And again a sigh escaped him.

The light in the cottage on the hillside seemed to fascinate him. Why was there a light in the old nightwatch's cottage at this time? Josiah Fisher was on duty tonight. Who was at the cottage? Six months after Mercy had disappeared the old nightwatch's wife had been laid to rest in the village churchyard.

A shadow kept passing and repassing the window. Some one was passing back and forth within. The mysterious shadow had a terrible fascination for him. Half-unconsciously he moved toward it.

As in a dream he traversed the path that led up the hillside to the nightwatch's cottage. At the gate he paused. The shadow still came and went at the window, but it was more distinct now. He clutched the gatepost for a minute. That strange phantom shadow passed again. It was the shadow of a woman, and in her arms she held something pressed to her breast. He crept around to the back of the cottage. The window shade on that side had not been lowered. Advancing cautiously he peered in, then trembled and leaned against the wall. He had seen what he had expected to see, yet the sight was a shock to him.

Mercy Fisher was pacing the floor of her father's humble dwelling, her child in her arms. Occasionally she would pause and gaze anxiously at the little wan face.

A faint cry reached his ears. Mercy had sat down in a wooden rocker close to the window. The window was raised slightly. The child continued to fret and cry at intervals. Mercy laid her cheek against the little pinched face of her baby and tried to sooth it. One little hand hung limply by its side, she took it in hers and kissed it passionately. The tears streaming down her pale face, and fell upon the little head. Tenderly she wiped them away.

"Oh, Artie, I'm afraid you are going to leave me!" she sobbed aloud. "I'm selfish, darling, I want to keep you with me so much. You and dad are all I have now, and you are going to leave me, and dad is growing old and will soon leave me, too." For a moment sobs choked her voice. "But God loves you better than even I do, Artie darling. He would spare you a life of suffering and humiliation; spare you the knowledge of your birth, of your mother's shame. 'The sins of the parents will be visited upon the children.' The Bible tells us that. But surely God will not punish you for my sin, darling. God will welcome your innocent soul, baby. God pity the children born out of wedlock, for their little innocent souls will be weighed down with shame, a heritage of disgrace from sinful parents."

The young mother's elbow rested on her knee, her head upon her hand. She sat and gazed at the little sick child, and her thoughts were bitter and anguished. Her child was going to leave her—of that she felt sure. No one had told her that the child would die, but in her heart she knew it would.

She had thought it all over, and was trying hard to be resigned. In sin she had brought the little one into the world, and to punish her for that sin God would take him away. The little one was left with her long enough for her to learn to love it intensely. To love the little hands, the little feet, and to see her own soul reflected in the eyes that were so like another's. The tendrils of her heart had twined about the little life, until it had become part of her very being.

"The sins of the parents," kept ringing in Art Urquart's ears, as he crouched by the cottage window. "The parents" included him; his sin would be visited upon the innocent child in the girl's arms.

The words stung him to frenzy. The injustice of the thing maddened him. Why should that morsel of humanity suffer for his misdeed—why? Because it was the law of God. We poor mortals cannot understand why God, in His infinite mercy and goodness, should lay such a seemingly unjust law upon His children.

"The sins of the parents," rang incessantly in his ears. The words seemed burned upon his heart in letters of fire. It seemed to be written on the starry night sky, and burned on every bush and tree. A night bird near by sang it. A frog croaked it. The crickets chirped it.

Art Urquart could stand the torture of the thing no longer. He rose and staggered blindly down the path. A little farther on he almost ran into a lonely pedestrian. With an exclamation of suprise he pulled himself together, and glanced after the retreating figure. It was a woman, and there was something familiar in her walk. Then it dawned upon him that it was Grace Urquart, his brother's wife.

For a moment he stood still, and something of the old stern look returned to his face.

What was Grace doing at the nightwatch's cottage? He followed her, keeping carefully in the shadow, until he saw her enter the door. What was she doing there? She and Mercy should not meet, but then what did it matter? Let Mercy reveal his secret if she choose, and he turned back down the path.

For hours he wandered aimlessly about the mill grounds. "The sins of the parents," haunted him. He strove vainly to drive Mercy and her child from his memory. The anguished face of the young mother was before his mental vision, always.

Day dawned, and he was still wandering thru the yards. One or two early laborers came into the yard, and their looks of astonishment at finding him there, brought him to a realization of his present surroundings.

Grace remained the night with Mercy Fisher, watching by the sick child. As day dawned, he grew rapidly worse. It was apparent that his little life was ebbing away. He seemed not to suffer extreme pain, but breathing became much harder. The little hands were damp, the face pinched and blue, the eyes half-closed and glassy.

Grace Urquart became alarmed and went for a doctor. When he arrived he looked at the baby lying so white and still in its mother's arms, and shook his head.

When the doctor departed he left behind him a harmless mixture of paregoric and honey.

The young mother sat rigid and speechless. Sorrow furrowed her brow.

Grace kissed her on the brow, saying soothingly: "Cheer up dear, God knows what is best for little Artie."

"I try to bear it. I try to be resigned, but my heart and soul cry out against this cruel thing. Soon I will hear his baby voice no more. His dimpled baby face will look up at me from a coffin, while other children are playing in the sunshine, and chasing the butterflies. It is hard! hard! And I love little Artie so."

Mrs. Urquart could not comfort her, for she knew not what to say. A mother's grief cannot be measured by words, even when that motherhood means shame.

Grace remained with that girl-mother during all that long September day. At eventide the angel of death passed thru the humble dwelling, and took the brightest sunbeam from Mercy's life.

Mercy watched the last struggles of her child without a tear. But her face grew ghastly white, her lips quivered. She held the little form pressed close to her breast, until Grace prevailed upon the heartbroken mother to lay the little form upon the bed.

Mercy's father had been so bowed in sorrow that he had not been able to comfort his daughter in her great sorrow.

The two lonely women stood looking at the peaceful baby face for several minutes, then the young mother said:

"Grace—I—I would like to have him come and see Artie now. Will you go for him?"

For a moment Grace's calm, enduring spirit shrank from granting the favor asked. She hated the thought of meeting her arch-enemy again. But she was too noble a soul to refuse Mercy's request.

"Yes, dear," she whispered softly, "I will go for him at once"

The next minute she was gone.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### ART ANSWERS THE CALL.

EVENING shadows were lengthening. A great streak of red low in the western sky showed where the sun had gone down. Grace walked rapidly towards the mills. She knew that she would be likely to find Art Urquart in his private office there.

Two years had elapsed since her life had been darkened by a tragedy more pitiful than death. No ray of light or joy had penetrated the gloom of her soul since that fateful day when her young husband had been so unjustly sentenced. Sorrow and persecution had been her lot, but she had remained true to the man she had wedded. Never so much as in thought had she wronged him.

Not seeing Art Urquart about the yards, Grace knocked on the door of his private office—a small red brick structure standing apart.

The door was opened and they faced each other.

"Your child is dead, and Mercy has sent me for you," Grace said, in reproachful, measured tones.

He did not reply at once, but drew his hand across his eyes, as tho to clear his vision.

Then in a strained, hollow voice, he said: "I will go at once."

Grace turned away. He took one step towards her.

"Have you no word to say, Grace?" he asked.

"What do you expect me to say?"

He did not reply; his eyes sought the floor. She raised her head with a haughty, imperious gesture, and continued:

"Between you and me there can be no friendship."

"I merit your scorn and indignation," he said, strangely humble.

"You do, indeed!" was the curt reply. "But you also merit much worse than that."

He winced.

"True! But I may yet be of service to you."

"You can't undo the past," she cried sharply.

"No, but I can atone for it," he replied.

Grace gazed at him wonderingly. What could he mean?

Just then there was the sound of coarse laughter, and two men came around the corner of the office. The first stopped suddenly, and, with a sinister grin, tilted his hat rakishly to one side.

"Holy, Patrick! So that's it, eh? I'm none too soon at takin' the helm," and he leered suggestively. It was Jack Urquart's double, and he had been drinking more than usual.

Art Urquart came out of the office and silently locked the door. The stern rage in his face was terrible to behold.

Grace turned away without so much as a glance at the men. Art had turned to follow her.

"Don't be so flip, old man; I want to speak to you a minute."

"You will have to wait. I am engaged just now," snapped Art

Art had gained Grace's side, and they had both turned into the path that led up the hillside to the old nightwatch's cottage. In a stride the drunken man was by her side, and clutching her arm roughly wheeled her around.

"I have a word for you, too, my fine lady. I called at your mother's today, but you were out."

Grace jerked her arm free, and stood staring at him blankly.

"I tell you what it is, you're my wife, and you've got to come and live with me. I won't be made a laughing stock of any longer. As my wife you will obey me. Do you hear me? You'll come and live at the Beeches."

His voice had risen shrilly, and several laborers had paused to listen.

"I will remain at my mother's home," Grace said calmly, but positively. "You have no claim on me, whatever, and you know it. You are Jack Heriot, an imposter."

"I'll have the law on you if you refuse," he roared. "The law will compel a wife to live with her husband. I will have the law on you, I say," ignoring her thrust.

"Well spoken, bonny boy!" cried Tom the fiddler, who had accompanied him.

"No law would compel me to live with Jack Heriot, the highwayman."

The man's drunken face grew ashy. With a leap like a tiger he had her by the arm, and shook her till she grew faint and dizzy.

"Don't you dare say that again," he hissed.

Art Urquart had grown strangely pale and agitated. He grasped the other by the shoulder and hurled him back.

"You coward! You scheming scoundrel! You dare to utter such words! You——"

The sentence was left unfinished. The other struck him with the force of a sledge hammer, and felled him to the ground. For a moment he lay stunned and bleeding, the other towering above him.

"Guess you'll keep your finger out of my pie now. If you don't——" He clenched his fist suggestively.

Grace shrank back and covered her face. The sight was loathsome.

"Go on," Art said, in a humiliated tone. "I will follow."

Art Urquart's face was terrible to behold. Beneath the blood and grime a look of awful resolve and determination had settled.

"You will pay dearly for this," he said with a calmness that was more awe-inspiring than any wrath could be. "You imagine that you are secure, but your fool's paradise will tumble about your ears, and that speedily. I have borne with you long and patiently, but this is the last. I will bear with you no more."

"Fire ahead, old man! You can't hit me without first hittin' yourself."

He drew a bottle of liquor from his pocket, carefully extracted the cork, and extended it towards the other.

"Let's wet it, old man? No! Oh, all right, then! Here, Tom, drink to my success and prosperity."

The fiddler obeyed with alacrity, and the two staggered away together. As they gained the public road a horse and buggy came rapidly towards them. It stopped them, and with a glad cry an old woman alighted

"Oh, Jack, my boy! You surely haven't forgot me?" and she tried to grasp his hand.

With a look of annoyed recognition he stepped back

"Don't know as I do 'member you, old girl," he jeered

"Jack! Jack! You surely remember your old mammy? You can't have forgotten so soon."

"Old mammy! Ha! ha! Fine joke that is," and he roughly hailed the old creature aside, and passed on.

Dazed and seemingly bewildered, she gazed after him. Then her eyes began to glitter, her form straightened, her fist was raised and clenched and she shook it after Jack Urquart's retreating figure.

"Was it for this I fed and tended ye all the years that are gone? If you think you can treat me—as is almost yer mother, ye might say—like that you have made a mistake. I'll make ye wish you hadn't forgotten the old woman, that I will, or my name isn't Martha Heriot."

**Art Urquart sees that he has made a great mistake in his selfish dash to wealth and power. The road along which he has traveled is strewn with broken hearts and hopes. The death of Mercy's child, of which Art is the father, changes him. The next, and last installment of this story, closes powerfully dramatic, yet pleasantly.**

# When She Registered for the Vote

"VOTING for United States Senator and all those other people was not so bad," said the little stenographer, "but the registration that preceded it was awful.

"Why," she continued indignantly, "if that last registering doesn't suffice for the rest of my life then I shan't vote, that's all! I'll just add myself to the other thousands of backsliders."

"You know, I took my friend, Mr. Smithers, with me. The place to register was way off somewhere and that was why I had an escort. I had heard that the process is all quite simple. So I thought that I could easily register and then we could go to a movie show or something.

"Well, of course, nearly everybody I know was there. We stood in line for about an hour, but I didn't mind, as Mr. Smithers kept me entertained with his fountain of talk. He's awfully clever, and I never even listened to what was going on at the desk, only hearing a lot of loud talk that meant nothing to me.

"Finally a bald headed man touched my arm and said that I should raise my right hand and swear after him. Mr. Smithers swore with me, altho, of course, it wasn't his precinct. He explained that one couldn't swear too often to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing else.

"If only I'd listened to what was going on in that room before I got right up there at the desk, I'd have grown terribly ill or something and asked to be taken right home—missing the movies and all! Why, what do you think?"

The little stenographer gazed wide eyed at the bookkeeper for a dramatic moment. The bookkeeper said nothing.

"After all the silly questions they could ask, which you had to answer just to amuse all the election clerks who sat there and giggled, he said: 'How long have you lived in this State?'

"'All my life,' I answered, and the clerk giggled some more.

"'How long in America?' he asked again.

"'All my life!' I told him, and he seemed to be having a good time at my expense, somehow.

"'How many years is that?' he asked, in a very loud voice.

There was Mr. Smithers at my elbow, listening—and the whole room was suddenly quiet as death. I was tempted to death, and almost told the truth. But suddenly—I don't know how this brilliant bit of strategy occurred to me in time—I said 'of age.'

"'Twenty-one?' he asked grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"I just nodded, and pulled Mr. Smithers out thru the door into the street, where the cool evening air fanned my fevered brow.

"Well, by the time we had got to the corner my conscience began to turn over. There I'd gone and held up my right hand and sworn to tell the truth and the first thing I did was to pretend I was only 21! I don't mind telling you that I'm a year or two older, but I certainly don't want Mr. Smithers to know.'

"'Say,' I said to him, 'I've lost something. I've got to go back after it! You stay here and wait, will you?' He was awfully averse to waiting. He wanted to go for me or at least go with me. But I was firm.

"'No, sir, I want to go, and go alone,' I said, firmly. So finally he consented and I ran back. I brushed in ahead of the one who was registering and bent over the chair of one of the clerks who was writing.

"I whispered as softly as I could that my age was not 21, but—well, I gave him the right figure, and I turned to go. But not soon enough! Right away he blurted out in a nice high key that I changed the age from 21 to the other, and every one turned around to look at me! No, sir! The vote isn't worth it!"

The little stenographer turned indignantly to her machine.

# ALL'S NOT GOLD

## By Vesta Stevens

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"VIVIAN, I have decided to marry you off. There are three very good reasons for it—first, you are entirely too extravagant; by the time you are thirty-five there won't be a cent of poor Bob's money left. Second, you're too young and too pretty to be a widow; and third—oh, third, you need a keeper."

Vivian Lake stopped in the act of powdering her nose, and turning from her dressing table, looked down at her friend whose tiny form was almost concealed in the depths of a great arm chair.

"You Are My Life, Not My Business," He Said.

"Marie," she said laughingly, "sometimes you are adorably silly. This is one of them."

Mrs. Trescott sat up, her face quite serious. "I mean it dear, really I do. Jack and I were talking about it last night; we both agreed you must marry again.

Again Mrs. Lake laughed. "I wouldn't mind," she said musingly, "if I could be as happy as you are, but men like Jack are not found every day."

"But I know of one: in fact, have him all picked out for you."

"O-h! and who is the fortunate man?"

"Richard Bush."

"Not the Richard Bush?"

"Yes, the very same."

"My dear girl, you're quite mad. What in Heaven's name would a man like that see in me? I'm not bright—really. I have a lot of small talk to be sure, but I'm not really intellectual you know. Why, honey, he's written heaps of wonderful books I never even tried to wade thru, about places and people I never heard of. No, thank you."

"But, Vivian, you are beautiful, and you look as if you had brains; I—oh! I didn't mean that the way it sounded." Little Mrs. Trescott went over to her friend penitently. "That sounded awfully rude, dear; do forgive me."

Vivian stooped, for shé was very tall, and kissed the sweet, upturned face. "Mousie," she said affectionately, "what you said is true. I look as if I should have plenty of good common sense, or at least that is generally what is expected from a tall woman, but believe me I was never meant for that type. I should have been the little cuddlie kind like you who—forgive the slang—gets away with murder because she is such a little thing. It wouldn't take Richard Bush long to discover he was talking to a bit of fluff as far as brains were concerned. No, my dear. I won't undertake to capture a scientist even to please you."

"But you can if you will only do as Jack and I have planned."

"And what is your plan?"

"Well, you must get some of his books and read them. Now don't frown, it won't do you a bit of harm; skim thru them so you can discuss them once in a while. Read all the papers every day, all the dry old things you know, politics and—and the markets," this vaguely.

"Oh, Mousie! What a head you have; and you think it would be as easy as that?"

"Your beauty might help a little—and he is such a catch, so handsome, rich and a bachelor. For Heaven's sake what more could mortal woman ask? I'm giving a house party the last week in June, which gives you just three weeks to get up in your part. Order a pretty new gown or two and leave the rest to me."

Mrs. Lake leaned back on the chaise-longue, and smiled thoughtfully. "W-e-ll," she said after a moment, "I'll do it, Marie, to please you, but promise to let me go my own way if nothing comes of it."

"But, my dear, it's your own way, as you express it, that I don't approve of."

"O-h!"

"It's true, I suppose I am presuming, but we're such old friends Viv, I—oh! what's the use of beating about the bush? You know perfectly well every one is talking about you and——"

"Say it, my dear, don't spare me," Mrs. Lake put in satirically.

"Well, then, Gerald Manning. He isn't the sort of man for any good woman to be seen with, and he's married besides."

"You would hardly call a man married who has not even seen his wife for over a year."

"No, poor woman, and no wonder. Who on earth could live with a man who leads the kind of a life he does?"

"Marie, I think the world of you, but you are a bit rough on poor Gerry; he's a good sort, really, in spite of what you say. Drinks a bit too much now and then perhaps, but outside of that he——"

"Outside of that, he's fast, there is no getting away from it. Why, the women that man has——" Mrs. Trescott rolled her eyes heavenward, at a loss for expressive words.

"Safety in numbers, my dear."

"Oh, Vivian! do take what I am saying seriously. After that party on his yacht last month; well, if Jack and I didn't know you, why——"

"Why you would feel compelled to cut me. Is that it?"

"No, of course not, but Viv you are a good woman. Too good to throw yourself away on a man who wouldn't be true six months after he had married you."

"But who said anything about marrying him? He amuses me; we're great pals, that's all."

"Still I know there must be another side to your nature that he can't satisfy, and I want you to give a real man a chance. Will you?"

"Little nuisance, anything to please you."

Mrs. Trescott beamed. "Now I'm off," she said, satisfied with her morning's work. "Lunching with Jack; we'll meet you at the Ritz at 7:30?"

"Righto—matchmaker."

After her guest had fluttered out, Mrs. Lake continued to muse. Then drawing a mirror to her, carefully examined the lovely face reflected there. She was beautiful. She smiled a little at the picture, and with a shrug of her slim shoulders, rang for her maid.

"Essie I shall want the closed car at 12. In the meantime I want to look over all my evening gowns."

The Trescotts owned a summer place just outside of Greenwich, a large rambling old house with acres of well-kept grounds. They were famous for their house parties, and, when three weeks later, Mrs. Lake's motor rolled up the broad gravel driveway, she was not surprised to find groups of men and women in sport skirts and flannels gathered on the wide, cool porch.

It was that mystic hour just after tennis, when the tinkle of tea cups and merry voices fill the air.

Mrs. Trescott ran to greet her friend, hands outstretched. "Welcome to our city," she cried. "Come and meet everybody and have some tea."

Mrs. Lake went up the steps, shaking hands here and there with old friends. At the tea table she paused and looked straight into the eyes of the handsomest man she had ever seen—as she said later.

"May I present Mr. Bush, Vivian? Mr. Bush, Mrs. Lake is my oldest and dearest friend." Then the busy little hostess, with an encouraging pat on Vivian's arm, feeling that the boat was launched, left Mrs. Lake to paddle as best she might.

Friendships ripen quickly in country houses. The days flew as if on wings. While the others rode or swam or played tennis, Vivian and Bush walked—endless walks, she called them—or sat sedately on the porch discussing everything but what interested her most. Her head was in a whirl, crammed as it was with subjects she neither liked or understood. That she did like the man she had to admit, but—oh! what a bore he was—she confided to Mrs. Trescott one night during a chat before bed.

"Heavens, Marie," she exclaimed, "how can such a wonderful creature be such an old fossil?"

"Vivian!"

"I mean it. It's no use, dear. I wouldn't go on another week like this for worlds. I'm off on Saturday."

"Indeed you are not," Mrs. Trescott shot back, "he admires you immensely; he told Jack so."

A bright color flooded the other woman's face. "Did he?" she asked softly.

"Vivian! I believe you like him!"

"I could, Mousie; I do. But I couldn't live up to him. It would kill me. For instance, this morning he kept me for over an hour describing a bug he had found in the interior of Africa or Alaska or some place like that. I know it started with an A."

Her hostess rocked with laughter.

"Oh! Viv, a woman can do wonders with a man when he loves her, you'll be able to change all that after——"

"I wouldn't chance it dear, he'd be bound to find me out, and we would both be miserable."

But in spite of what she had said, she allowed herself to be persuaded to stay on because he was staying, too. A few days later, with envious eyes, she watched the others start for the beach. It was very warm, and she longed to follow them, the thought of the cool blue water tempted her—then a quiet voice in her ear:

"Will you walk this morning, Fair Lady?"

She stifled a sigh and followed him without a word. And oh! What a walk it was! Miles she was sure. She was hot and cross and thirsty, and she longed for a cool drink; she could almost hear the clink of ice in the tall thin glass. Suddenly she felt much abused and throwing herself down on the grass in almost childish abandon, let the tears gather as she raised a tragic face to the astonished man.

He was all sympathy—and tenderness. "My dear," he said, bending over her, "I have been a selfish brute. It was too warm for such a walk. Forgive me, won't you?"

She smiled wanly. "O-h! that isn't all."

"N-o? Then what is it?"

"I have a confession to make. It's no use trying to keep this up any longer, I'm simply worn to a frazzle. I'm not a bit what you think I am. I've never read a single book of yours thru. I don't know a thing about politics, and I'm frightened to death of bugs—and—and I should hate the interior of Africa. I hate everything like that. There!"

The man turned his head away. The color faded from the woman's lips as she waited. There was a long silence, broken at last by his voice, low and hoarse.

"Oh! my dear, my dear, and I loved you so!"

She stood up. "I'm sorry," she said gently, "you must be terribly disappointed."

"Disappointed! I never was so happy in my life."

"What!"

"Of course, you darling, you see I promised myself when I went in for this sort of work, I would never ask a woman to marry me who wanted to talk shop. Mrs. Trescott told me before you came that bugs were your very life, and until I saw you, I believed it. I knew," there was a caress in his voice now, "the first moment I looked into your eyes that I would love you and marry you if you would have me. Will you?"

"Then you've known all the time?"

"Y-e-s," guiltily.

"And the long talks and worse walks—what of them?"

"To punish you for trying to put one over on me."

"And you really don't care?"

He drew her hands up to his shoulders. "You're my life, not my business. Say you love me, dear."

"I adore you," she said softly, "but, honestly, I'm not a bit clever."

"Allah be praised for that," he answered solemnly as he took her in his arms. Then, after a moment, he whispered, his lips against her ear, "Would a long, cool drink mean anything to you?"

"U—m," she answered smiling.

* * *

**Very Little.**

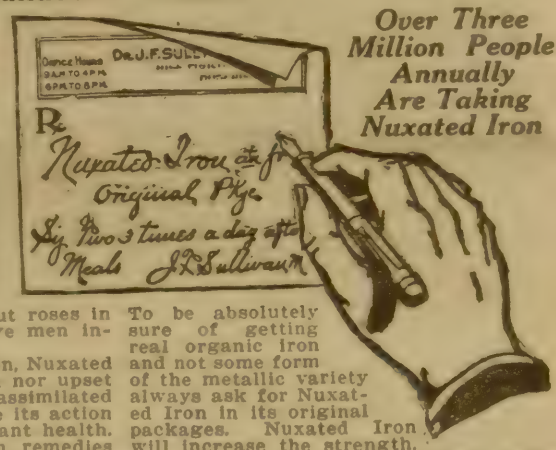
"Is there anything between Jennie and young Jones?"

"Nothing that I know of, except poverty."


# "Say Doctor, This Prescription Works Like Magic"—Physician Explains Why Nuxated Iron

## Quickly Increases the Strength and Energy of Men and Brings Roses to the Cheeks of Nervous, Rundown Women

**Ask the first hundred strong, healthy looking people you meet to what they owe their strength and energy and see how many reply "Nuxated Iron."**




*Over Three Million People Annually Are Taking Nuxated Iron*

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), of New York and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "Thousands of nervous, rundown, anaemic people suffer from iron deficiency but do not know what to take. There is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to quickly enrich the blood, and thereby put roses in the cheeks of women and give men increased strength and energy.

Unlike the older forms of iron, Nuxated Iron does not injure the teeth nor upset the stomach, but is readily assimilated and you can quickly recognize its action by a renewed feeling of buoyant health.

No matter what other iron remedies you have used without success if you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test:

See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired; next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

To be absolutely sure of getting real organic iron and not some form of the metallic variety always ask for Nuxated Iron in its original packages. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength, power and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron recommended above by Dr. Sullivan can be obtained from any good druggist, with or without a physician's prescription, on an absolute guarantee of success by its manufacturers or money refunded. It is dispensed by all good druggists and general stores.

# A DRAGON IN TROUBLE

## A Fairy Story for Children

BY DORIS WEBB.

ONCE there were two little dragons who lived with their mother on top of a rocky mountain. And when they were about 3 years old their mother began to teach them manners and lessons and duties. Now, one of these little dragons, named Curlytail, was very good and obedient, and the other one, named Firespire, was usually very naughty.

"Children," said their mother one morning, "I want you both to brush out the cave neatly with your corntassel brushes and make over your beds neatly," for they slept on very comfortable beds of dried leaves and sticks and every little while they had to shake them up and make them over.

"I won't!" said Firespire, stamping one of his forelegs and waving his tail.

"Firespire," said his mother, "go to your room instantly!"

"I won't!" cried Firespire, stamping both his forepaws this time.

"Firespire," said his mother, "go to bed!"

"I won't!" shouted Firespire, and he jumped up in the air and stamped all his four paws at once, and then he turned and ran down the mountain as fast as he could. He just wouldn't! That was the great trouble with Firespire, he wouldn't. Well, he ran down the mountain, and then kept on running till he saw a village in the distance.

"I'll go there," he said, "and find something to eat," for he had had no breakfast and he was beginning to feel hungry.

Now, in this village where Firespire was going there lived a little girl named Polly Particular. She was a sweet little girl with neat curly hair, and she had thirty-seven little brothers and sisters. All the sisters had long curly hair, and all the brothers had short curly hair. Mrs. Particular was very proud of their hair, and never let them get out in the street without having all the curls brushed just so. She always insisted, too, that they should put away their toys just so after they had finished playing with them, so altogether they were the best behaved family in the town.

One morning when they had just finished breakfast they heard a great deal of shouting and running, and looking out they saw all the people in the village running up the street carrying all sorts of things in their arms. Some of them had umbrellas, and some had furniture, and most of the children had toys.

"What's the matter?" called Mrs. Particular.

"Oh, there's a dragon coming! Run quick!" answered the villagers.

"Oh! Oh!" cried all the little Particulars, and they started to run, too.

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Particular. "Don't you know you are never allowed to go out in the street without having your hair brushed?" And she took them all upstairs and began to curl their hair.

In the meantime Polly was putting away some building blocks, and as each block had to be put in a special place it took some time. She was in the playroom and the rest of the family were in the nursery, so it really is no wonder that Mrs. Particular forgot her. For she did forget her. When one has so many children and has put on all their mittens and brushed their hair, expecting every minute to see a dragon come romping up the street, one may be pardoned for forgetting something.

As soon as Polly had finished putting away the blocks, she ran downstairs to the nursery to find the rest of the family, and what was her surprise to find nobody there. She went on downstairs to the dining-room and there was nobody there, either. There was nobody in the house at all. And just then she looked out of the front door and there was the dragon prancing up and down in the road. He started toward the door.

"Go away!" cried Polly.

"I won't!" answered the dragon. He wouldn't. He always wouldn't.

"Stop walking on the flowers!" said Polly.

"I won't," said the dragon again, and he came right in at the front door. Polly ran up to the head of the stairs.

He's just like our baby, she thought. He won't do anything he's told. But I know just how to manage him. I'll tell him to do all the things I don't want him to, and I'll tell him not to do the things I want him to do.

"Come upstairs," she said. The dragon had already put his paw on the first step, but he took it off again in a hurry.

"I won't!" he said. "I'm going downstairs."

"Oh, don't!" cried Polly, pretending to be very much alarmed. "Don't go down in the cellar!"

"That's just exactly where I'm going," said Firespire, and he trailed down the kitchen stairs. Polly tiptoed after him as quietly as she could.

There must be something very good down there, thought Firespire, and he opened the cellar door and stepped gingerly down.

Polly watched till she saw the last wriggle of his green curly tail disappear, and then she slammed and locked the cellar door.

"Now you'll have to stay there!" she called thru the keyhole, "and if you don't behave you shan't have any dinner!"

Just then she heard some one call, "Oh, Polly! Polly!" and there was her brother, Paul Particular. He had run all the way back to find her.

"Oh, Polly!" he cried, "what became of the dragon?"

"He is in the cellar," said Polly.

How Paul stared. "I never!" he cried.

Then Polly told him how it had all happened, and Paul's neat curls actually stood on end.

"Now, we'll go and find all the village folks," she said, and they started off together down the main street. When they came to the end of the village they began to see folks coming in twos and threes, scooting back again at the least stir or rustle and peeping out from behind the trees and bushes. Then came the whole Particular family, Pansy, Peter, Pandora, Percival and all the rest.

"It's all right," said Polly and Paul; "the dragon's locked up in our cellar."

Then all the villagers ran out quite bravely, and all the thirty-seven—no, thirty-five—Particulars kissed Polly and Paul twice over.

"I really hope," said Mrs. Particular, "that dragon won't knock the house over or disarrange the piles of wood." But Polly told her he was only a baby dragon, anyway, and couldn't do very much harm.

You should have seen the frightened way the townfolk gathered round the Particulars' coalhole on the sidewalk and listened to the baby dragon clamping below. Mrs. Particular was still worried about the woodpile, and she lifted the coalhole cover a tiny bit, and called down:

"See here, you little dragon, if you upset the piles of wood down there or get anything out of place you shan't have any dinner. Do you understand?"

"Yes'm," said the dragon, meekly in a way that would have surprised his mother, and then he kept very quiet. He stayed there all day and the people fed him thru the coalhole. They fed him on bananas and cocoanuts and turnips and all sorts of things, and Firespire was glad enough to get them. He stayed there in the cellar all night, and it was very dark and uncomfortable. He had to sleep on a bed of lumpy coal, not nearly so soft as his bed at home.

But the next morning was worse, for as soon as he was awake one of the Particular children came and called down the coalhole.

"Dragon, we're going to keep you always. They're building a great big cage on the village green!"

"Oh, dear me! Oh, dear me!" thought Firespire. "I must think of some way to get out." And he thought, and thought, till at last he had an idea. "I'll dig my way out," he said. And at once he began digging at the cellar floor very quietly, for he was afraid of Mrs. Particular. At last he had made quite a tunnel that went under two or three houses. He was right beneath a field now, so he thought it would be about time to dig upward and break thru. And so he dug away silently, till there was only a thin crust of earth above his head.

"Now," he said, "one big shove, and I'll push thru." So he shoved one great shove, and up he went into the sunlight and he came up right in the middle of a picnic party. You never in your life saw such frightened and astonished people. And no wonder! For no one would ever expect to see a dragon pop out of the ground in the midst of a picnic party.

The people just tumbled over each other, they ran away so fast. But Firespire was running away just as fast as they were. He ran and ran and ran, till he came to his mountain, and then he ran straight up, without once stopping to take breath. There were his mother and Curlytail just eating supper.

"Oh, mother!" cried Firespire. "I'm good now. I'll dust out the cave whenever you want me too. Please, I'm very good indeed now."

"Firespire, I'm glad to hear it," said his mother, as she gave him something to eat.

And Firespire and Curlytail were so well mannered and gentle all thru supper that their mother gave them each a package of firecrackers for dessert, which was what they both loved better than anything else, because it made smoke and fire pour from their nostrils in a most attractive fashion.

* * *

### How a Mouse Escaped.

"WE HAD dug holes for the poles of our new transmission line extending between the power-house and a new pumping plant. A field mouse trotting around tumbled into one of them and was imprisoned during the night," says L. B. Lawrence in Popular Mechanics. "Making my usual morning inspection of the work I noticed the little fellow running around the bottom of the hole trying to find some means of escape.

"When I came back from my tour he had settled to business. He was digging steadily a spiral groove round and round the inner surface of the hole with a uniformly ascending grade.

"At the end of two weeks the little engineer struck a rock too big for him to move. For nearly a day he tried to get around it, but without success.

"Then with wonderful patience and unflinching courage he dug another pocket, reversed his spiral and went on tunneling his way in the opposite direction.

"At the end of three weeks he was coming near the top. Morning came; the mouse had sped away, his spiral road completed."

* * *

### The Mouse-bird.

ONCE upon a time a wicked old sticky tree toad fell in love with a sweet little fairy who lived in an orchid that grew on Sticky's tree.

"Marry me," said Sticky; but Fay, standing on the end of an orchid petal, balanced herself on her tiny tiptoes and shook her curly head in scorn.

Then her lover became very angry and shook the flower so that Fay fell down, down, and landed in the soft grass.

"You aren't safe here; old Sticky will never give you any peace," said a squeaky voice close behind her. "Climb on my back and I'll take you far away."

The fairy turned and saw that the speaker was her friend, Buster, the field mouse. So she climbed on his back and held on by his ears. Away ran Buster, away, away, away, until he came to a beautiful spot where gorgeous tropical flowers grew in abundance and bright-hued birds darted hither and thither.

Fay slipped to the ground and, clasping her hands in delight, exclaimed: "Dear Buster, how can I ever thank you? Oh, I know. Ask for anything you desire, and I will grant your wish, if it be in my power."

"There is only one thing I wish," replied the field mouse, in his squeaky little voice, "and that is that I might fly like yonder birds. Can you, sweet fairy, give me a pair of wings?"

Fay waved her hand. "Easily," she said; "but your wings will not be like those of the birds, for your body is heavy. Therefore, I will give you wings of leather, and you will no longer be a mouse. You will be a new animal, a bat.

"One word of warning: Do not go too near the Sun, for he does not like to be bothered by earth creatures."

As she spoke two strong wings grew from Buster's shoulders. So anxious was he to try them that he hardly heard his friend's last words.

"Good-by, Fay, good-by!" he called, and sailed away into the blue sky. On and on he flew, nor noticed where he was going. Suddenly, right ahead of him, he saw the Sun.

"Rash creature of earth," said the Sun, haughtily, "what are you doing here? Go back where you belong and never let me see you again."

Blinded by the intense glare, too frightened to speak, the mouse-bird sank back to earth and hid in a cave.

And this is why Buster Bat never goes out in the daytime.

* * *

### The City of the Dove.

WHEN the mighty Amur went to conquer Egypt he camped on the east bank of the Nile, opposite Memphis, that great twenty-mile long capital of mud bricks, whose western verge was the pyramids and whose mud brick houses have all vanished.

Amur crushed the Egyptians and came back to get his camp to move over and occupy Memphis. A dove had built her nest in the folds near the top of his tent. Bloodbathed Amur, the ruthless, would not let her be disturbed. A new city started about his tents. It grew northward along the Nile. It is today Cairo. Memphis is only a name.

* * *

### Minstrelsy With the Zulus.

A ZULU who feels able and inclined to "make" a song begins by composing one or more sentences appropriate to some event or sentiment that appeals to his mind and heart. He hums these sentences to himself and goes on to change or improve the air until it pleases him. If he meets a friend he rehearses the song and invites criticism of his composition. The friend perhaps suggests some improvement in words or air or adds another sentence. In this way a song is passed on and may ultimately become the property of the tribe.

* * *

### Complimentary.

AUNT ANNA was reading "Paul Revere's Ride" aloud to Helen, and when the line, "Hardly a man is now alive who remembers that famous day and year," was reached Helen looked up to the much-admired maiden auntie and said complacently: "But you do, don't you, auntie?"

* * *

### Penitence.

ELEANOR had been very naughty all day, and at night her mother suggested gently that she ask God to forgive her. This seemed to touch Eleanor and, kneeling, with the tears streaming down her face, she roared, "Oh, Lord, I hate to mention it."


**If you feel that you would not accept the BOOK and HEALING, without afterwards paying, put it out of your mind—that would not be taking the water of life FREELY**

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Only write, "I will accept freely." Then I will mail you my book, and give myself to you absolutely free.

Or, if you choose, tell me all symptoms and troubles in your first letter, but SEND NO MONEY OR STAMPS. After you are healed you may, if you choose, read my more advanced book, but not now. But I will now accept you as my pupil ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE. Some are unable to accept anything freely—they are earth-bound by the old law of compensation, so much for so much. They will be constitutionally unable to accept this offer, and perhaps will miss it forever, taking only what they can BUY. But the best things—grace, love, healing—cannot be bought. Do not be earth-bound, however rich.

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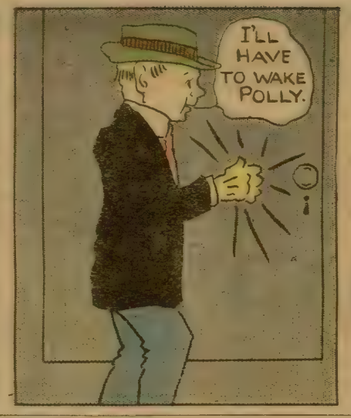
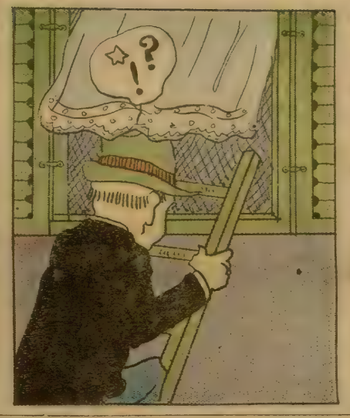




**Was Not Two-faced.**

Personal beauty came up for discussion at a social gathering, when a little incident along that line was recalled by Senator William H. Thompson of Kansas.

One afternoon Smith and Jones were comparing war-garden statistics over the backyard fence, when a new resident, who had recently moved into the neighborhood, chanced to pass by at a distance.

"There goes that man Brown," remarked Smith, with an indicative nod of his head toward the stranger. "What do you think of him by this time?"

"I don't know," replied Jones. "I haven't had occasion to give him much thought."

"I don't know whether he appeals to me or not," returned Smith. "Does he look to you like a man who is two-faced?"

"Well, I should say not!" was the sympathetic declaration of Jones. "If he was he wouldn't wear the one he does."

**No Kick Then.**

The motor car dealer met an undertaker one afternoon to whom he had recently sold a second-hand car.

"Well, Lane," said the dealer, "how about that car I sold you? Everything going satisfactorily?"

"Well," replied the undertaker, "it did give me a little trouble at first. I used it for a mourning vehicle, you know, to carry the mourners and friends, and they don't like to be shook up in their grief. But now I'm using it as a hearse, and I haven't had any complaints so far."

**The Best Policy.**

"Well, Henry," said the judge, "I see you are in trouble again?"

"Yessuh," replied the negro. "De las' time, Jedge, you reclect, you was mah lawyuh."

"Where is your lawyer this time?"

"I ain't got no lawyuh dis time," said Henry. "Ah's gwine to tell de troof."

**Humility.**

In Mississippi they tell of a young lawyer retained to defend a man charged with the theft of a pig. The young man seemed determined to convince the jury that he was born to shine, and accordingly he delivered the following exordium: "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, while Europe is bathed in blood; while classic Greece is struggling for her rights and liberties and tramping the unhallowed altars of the beardless infidels to dust; while the United States, entering the war, shines forth the brightest orb in the political sky—I, with due diffidence, rise to defend the cause of this humble hog thief."

**The Closing Sign.**

Harriet has been to Sunday school many times, but recently she made her first visit to church during regular services.

The opening prayer, it happened, was offered by a man who put his whole soul into his plea.

The prayer was so earnest, in fact, that again and again from the congregation came fervent expressions of "Amen."

Harriet nudged her mother.

"What is it, dear?" the mother asked.

"Everybody is saying 'Amen,' replied Harriet, "and I just wonder why the man doesn't quit."

**Her One Fault.**

Mayor Mitchel of New York, who is now in the United States Flying Service, recently said at a dinner:

"President Wilson's war policies are so excellent that, even when fault is found with them, the fault always turns out to be a virtue.

"It's like the case of the hen. The prospective buyer of the hen said to the prospective seller:

"'Is she a perfect bird? Has she no faults at all?'

"'Well,' said the prospective seller, 'I won't deceive you, ma'am. One fault she has. She will lay on the Sabbath.'"

**Business Manager.**

"You'll have to work or fight, Rastus."

"Dey can't touch me, sah. I'se de manager ob a laundry."

"What's the name of the laundry?"

"Martha."

Haughty Cook—"An' how many children has yez?"

Anxious Householder—"Five, but we would be willing to drown a couple."

**Speechless!**

Little Jacko was ill, and the medical man had been sent for. His mother rushed up to the doctor as soon as he entered the house and started sobbing hysterically. "Calm yourself, my good woman," he said, "and tell me what is the matter with the little chap."

"Oh, doctor," she wailed, "he managed to get hold of the dictionary somehow, and chewed three pages out of it."

"Have you given him an emetic?" asked the medical man.

"Yes—oh, yes!" was the mournful reply. "But I can't get a word out of him."

**Absolutely Harmless.**

The Kansas sense of humor never dies, if the following advertisement which appeared in the Abilene (Kas.) Register is any evidence: "Notice—I have put a bull snake in my alfalfa field, north of town, to catch the gophers. Please do not bother him, as he is a good, well-behaved snake and harmless except to gophers and mice.—H. L. Humphrey."

**Kitchen Kindness.**

"Boiled potatoes," says an expert on such matters, "are ever so much better if they are gently boiled"

The gentle way of boiling suds,
Tid us is no surprise;
We sometimes hum a lullaby,
It helps them close their eyes.

**The Frugal Swain.**

There was just a little hesitation on the girl's part whether the engagement should be announced at once.

"Let it be now," her lover pleaded, "and help me to save the luxury tax on the ring."

**Obsolete.**

"What is meant by the baker's dozen?"

"That term might as well be abolished."

**A Tender Conscience.**

Frances and Agatha had been very carefully reared. Especially had they been taught that in no circumstances must they tell a lie—not even a "white lie"—or deceive any one.

One day, during a visit made by these little girls to an aunt in the country, they met a large cow in a field they were crossing. Much frightened, the youngsters stopped, not knowing what to do. Finally Frances said:

"Let's go right on, Agatha, and pretend that we are not afraid of it."

But Agatha's conscience was not slumbering. "Wouldn't that be deceiving the cow?" she objected.

**Which Way?**

The teacher was taking the class in a very interesting course of experiments, but, noticing some of the pupils not paying proper attention, he said:

"Now, you know, I cannot attend to you and my experiments at the same time. If anything goes wrong the whole laboratory, and we with it, will be blown into the air. Come a little closer, boys, so that you may follow me better."

**Send for Hoover.**

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"Thought you were going to give up a lot of things during the war?"

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"That's my idea."

"Don't you suppose I can notice your breath?"

"What's the matter with my breath?"

"Matter with it? Smells as if you'd been hoarding cloves!"

**All Mean Well.**

"What's the matter?" asked the young doctor of a patient who seemed extremely pessimistic regarding his chances.

"Oh, I don't know, doctor; but I feel that I shall never pull thru here."

"Nonsense, my boy, nonsense. Why, your case is absolutely the same as an illness I had a year ago. Yet, look at me—strong and hearty as ever!"

"Yes," replied the patient, "but then I expect you had a good doctor."

**Nothing Much.**

Miss Frontrow (of the chorus)—"Yes, I make all my own clothes."

Her Gentlefriend—"Still, that must leave you lots of leisure."—Puck.

**No Water.**

At a certain nth-rate boarding-house, a transient entered the dining-room late for dinner. He was unsteady on his feet and the boarders realized at once that he had been imbibing freely. His first act, after seating himself, was to pick up his glass of water and throw it out of the window. His neighbor asked:

"What's the matter with the water, my friend?"

"I won't drink it."

"Why?"

"I won't ever drink water again while I live. And you oughtn't to drink it, either."

"But, my dear sir, why not?"

"Why! Why!" you ask me!" he said, vehemently. "I'll tell you why. Water rots the soles of your shoes. What do you think it does to your stomach?"

**Good Statesmanship.**

"Could I sell you a burglar alarm, madam?"

"Are you sure it will work?"

"Yes, madam, I may speak with some authority on the subject. I was a burglar myself."

"Dear me? What caused you to reform?"

"This alarm."

"I'll take one."

**Constant Expense.**

"This love business is expensive when you're courting a four-eyed girl."

"How so?"

"I break her eyeglasses every time I try to pilfer a kiss."

**When He's Happy.**

Mrs. Flatbush—"Does your husband enjoy good health?"

Mrs. Bensonhurst—"He doesn't seem to. He's never really happy unless he thinks there's something the matter with him."

Husband—"You think you rule the universe."

Wife—"No, dearie; I just rule the first letter."

**Not What He Wanted**

Paddy, who was recently traveling by rail, met with an accident, in which his leg was broken and his arm badly injured and his face all bruised. When he was carried to the hospital a lawyer who happened to see the accident accompanied him and was very chatty with him and seemed to look after Paddy's welfare. The lawyer suddenly said to Paddy: "Well, Paddy, an' why don't you go in for damages?" "Why," says Paddy, coolly, "'tis repairs I want now. I think I'm damaged enough."

**Their Classification.**

Distinguished counsel was addressing the jury. He reached his peroration: "The principal fault of the prisoner," he declared impressively, "has been his unfortunate characteristic of putting faith in thieves and scoundrels of the baseat description. I have done. The unhappy man in the dock puts implicit faith in you, gentlemen of the jury."

**Non-removable.**

Little Freddie was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the process.

"Why, Freddie," said mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed."

"No," replied the youthful son, "but your hair isn't fastened to your head."

**Too Much to Ask.**

"Would you advise a boy to study the classics?"

"Yes, if he has the time. But it seems hard to expect him to take his mind off what's going on right now and go away back to the fall of Troy."

**PLAYING THE NUMBERS.**

This telephoning game is great,
It's something like roulette.
You choose a number and you wait
To see what you will get.

**A Sad Case.**

A builder and contractor in Philadelphia, who has just now a considerable amount of work in hand for the Government, visited the plant one day and discovered a number of things he didn't like. Of one in particular he spoke to his foreman:

"I have just caught a fellow hanging around smoking during working hours. So I ordered them to give him a week's wages and told him to clear out."

"Yes," said the foreman, with a grin. "I know all about it, for I have just seen the man leaving. Why, sir, he wasn't employed here—he was merely looking for a job!"

**Quite Qualified.**

Little Joey Jesso was entertaining his sister's nervous admirer, and, after making the usual juvenile remarks on marbles and tops, he suddenly announced:

"Ethel told me yesterday you was a born politician."

The young man was delighted and, wishing to know more, asked:

"That so? Why does she think that?"

"That's just what ma wanted to know, and Ethel said it's because you can do so much talking without committin' yourself."

**Slight Misunderstanding.**

The ardent youth had taken the girl of his dreams out to tea.

"I say, who is that young man who has just come in?" he asked of his fair companion. "I see he nodded to you. Do you know him?"

"Yes," said she, "I know him well."

"Shall I ask him to join us?"

"Oh, dear," murmured the girl, in confusion, "this is so sudden!"

"Eh? What do you mean?" he asked, surprise.

"Why, Algy, that's our minister!"

**In Bad.**

If ever a man admired his wife that man was Howler. At the party, when Mrs. Howler was asked to sing "There Is a Garden in My Face," the husband glowed with pride.

It didn't matter tho she had a face like that of a hippopotamus and a voice like that of an elephant. He sat beaming as she sang.

When about halfway thru he whispered to his neighbor:

"Don't you think my wife's got a fine voice?"

"What?" said his neighbor, who was a bit deaf.

"Don't you think my wife has got a fine voice?"

"What?"

"Don't you think my wife's got a fine voice?" roared Howler.

"Sorry," said the other shaking his head. "That awful woman over there is making such a frightful row I can't hear a word you say."

**The Captain's Dog.**

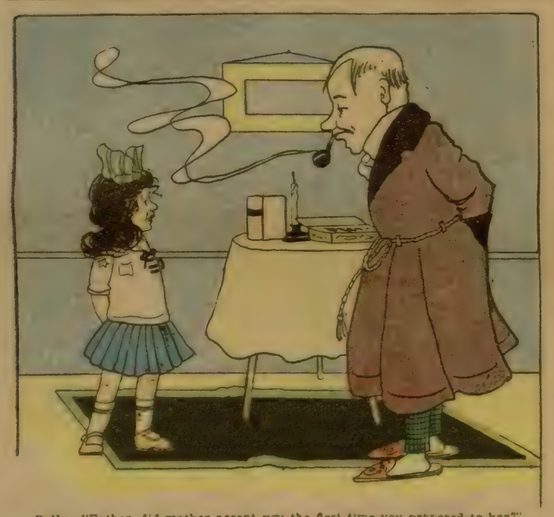
A captain was very fond of his two dogs and always permitted them to accompany him. One day while drilling his company he had just given the preliminary command, "Company!" when one of the dogs barked. The company halted. The captain stared for a moment, then realizing the reason turned to the dog, saying:

"Who is running this company—you or me?"—Judge.

**What Did She Mean?**

Young Tutter—"Do you think, Miss Pinkerly, your mother would let you go to the theater with me without a chaperon, now that it is war time?"

Miss Pinkerly (doubtfully)—"I don't know, Mr. Tutter. She has often said she wouldn't like me to go with any young gentleman I wasn't engaged to."



Dolly—"Father, did mother accept you the first time you proposed to her?"

Father—"Yes, my dear; but since then any proposal I have made she has scornfully rejected."

**Diagonal Puzzle.**

67

A . . . . .
. . . . . .
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. . . . . .
. . . . . S

The new diagonal is "A—S," and the words are:

1. A fossil resin. 2. A delicate violet or purple. 3. A pointed tool used by an engraver. 4. To turn out of. 5. What householders have to pay.

**Anagram.**

68—My first is in cake, but not in pie.
My second is in water, but not in dry.
My third is in rainy, but not in clear.
My fourth is in day, but not in year.
My fifth is in girl, but not in boy.
My sixth is in Ned, but not in Roy.
My whole is an article that gives light.

**Mixed Words.**

69—Find a well-known quotation from Whittier:

Veol si steew ni yan sugel.
Tub sit sebt ni fisciaer.

**Diamond.**

70

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. . .
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1. A letter in glory. 2. A receptacle for grain. 3. Infants. 4. That which the Allies have and are fighting to keep. 5. Courageous. 6. A pen. 7. A letter in glory.

**ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.**

**63. Double Words.**

1. Sent-cent. 2. Sane-seine. 3. Tail-tale. 4. Mean-mien. 5. Seems-seams. 6. Dane-deign 7. Pealing-peeling.

**64. Menagerie of the Heavens.**

1. Eagle. 2. Wolf. 3. Hare. 4. Lion. 5. Serpent. 6. Giraffe. 7. Dragon. 8. Ram. 9. Great Bear. 10. Scorpion.

**65. Fractional Puzzle.**

Chicago.

**66. Hidden Diamond.**

M
H O E
H E N N A
M O N T A N A
E N A C T
A N T
A

**It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.**

Bride—"I am disappointed in you. I thought you had brains."

Groom—"But think of my disappointment. I thought you had money."

# CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

**Published Every Saturday**

**By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

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Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.50 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for eight months, six months 75 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

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## GENTLE JABS.

Gilded youth tarnishes quickly.

True love says nothing and swaps kisses.

Lots of girls give themselves away for the asking.

Happiness is often the price of being commonplace.

Love is sometimes blind and sometimes only a blind.

A defective stomach keeps more people awake than a guilty conscience.

A boy never considers himself a man till he possesses a bunch of keys.

When women kiss each other it means as much as a tombstone epitaph.

The woman of the hour is the one who promises to be ready in a second.

Women would never kiss each other if the kisses had a tobacco flavor.

Most people who keep diaries for any length of time keep them for sale.

Love may be blind, but it never fails to hear papa's footstep on the stair.

Give the average man an opportunity and he will make a chump of himself.

A girl may be intellectual and yet retain her appetite for ice cream soda.

A young man seldom gives a thought to the harvest when he sows wild oats.

Many a woman who makes a man a mighty poor wife makes him a rich husband.

Were it not for the weather lots of people wouldn't have anything to kick about.

Charity is a cloak that covers a multitude of amateur theatrical performances.

A self-closing door spring adds to the anger of the man who wants to slam the door.

Cowards sing at night because they are afraid. Women laugh at love for the same reason.

The man who is anxious to acquire knowledge is never ashamed to confess his ignorance.

The last straw that put the camel down and out had a mint julep at the other end of it.

When you see a man trying to hold up a lamp post it shows that he sympathizes with anything that is tight.

Some folks live and learn, while others devote their time to talking about things of which they know absolutely nothing.

Before confiding your secret to a friend it is well to remember that your friend has a friend and your friend's friend has a friend.

# Your Kitchen in War Time

## The Food Value of Milk

BY MARY FULLER WEST

MILK forms one of the staple foods of the world. The kind of milk used varies with the climate and the animals native to the country.

The preference among English-speaking people is for cow's milk. It is estimated that about two-thirds of the milk produced in the United States is manufactured into butter and cheese. The remaining third, in the form of milk and cream, furnishes 16 per cent of the food of the American people.

Too much cannot be said regarding the use of milk in cooking and baking. Milk—and cream, of course—furnishes the body with tissue-building material, just as meat does, and should be substituted wherever possible. Just now, when the Food Administration is asking us to refrain from using more than a pound and a half of meat (with bone) per person, each week, the wise housekeeper will use milk, cream and cheese in place of it.

Food experts in the Government employ are urging the free use of milk and a certain amount of butter, since these articles contain elements which are needed in keeping our bodies fit. Children, especially, need milk, and even tho the cost may be high in proportion to what you have been paying in the past, still it is the cheapest article of diet for a child, when everything is taken into consideration.

The greatest care should be taken in seeing that the containers holding the milk are clean both inside and out. No food needs more care than milk, since it readily becomes infected with bacteria and may convey such diseases as typhoid, diphtheria and scarlet fever, every one of which may be fatal.

Not only should the pitcher or bottle be kept scrupulously clean, but it should always be covered and placed in some cool spot, either in a refrigerator, of if you haven't one, in the cellar. Above all, never use milk into which flies have fallen, as flies carry very many germs. One fly has been known to carry as many as 10,000 bacteria.

Another thing, forget old time habits. Never serve ice cream after a heavy meal; it's not only wasting food, but it's harmful in the bargain. If you have some rich dish containing milk or cream, do not serve meat with the meal. Substitute vegetables. Carrots, beets and not a few other common vegetables contain much iron, and are fine for the system. If served with a rich sauce and bread and butter, they form an ideal meal. Beets, sliced cold, and served with sour cream, beaten smooth, make an excellent dish. Indeed, sour cream when beaten makes fine dressing for all kinds of vegetable salads.

The following recipes will help you in arranging novel meals for your family at relatively low cost. Substitute these dishes for meat and live well on less money.

CREAM SAUCE—One cup of rich milk, 1 tablespoonful butter or oil, 2 tablespoonfuls potato flour or three teaspoonfuls rice flour, or two tablespoonsful cornstarch, ½ teaspoonful salt, ⅛ teaspoonful paprika. Boil milk, add seasoning, cream, butter and flour, thoroly stir into boiling milk; cook slowly eight minutes. Must be creamy and smooth.

BOHEMIAN CHEESE SAUCE—One and ½ cupfuls of cream sauce, 1 cupful of cottage cheese, 1 large onion, minced fine and parboiled, 1 large green pepper, minced fine and parboiled, 1 tablespoonful of good sauce, 1 teaspoonful of paprika, 1½ teaspoonfuls of salt. Heat to the boiling point. Serve on toast. This dish can be used to replace meat.

MILK TOAST—One cup boiling milk, 10 thin slices of cold cornbread, 4 tablespoonfuls butter, ⅛ teaspoonful nutmeg or ⅛ teaspoonful paprika. Butter cornbread. Toast golden brown. Pour over boiling milk. Dust with nutmeg or paprika.

FRENCH PANCAKES—Half a pint of cream, one teaspoonful potato flour, 1 teaspoonful sugar, 2 eggs, beaten separately. Sift flour and sugar. Stir beaten eggs into cream. Add flour and sugar. Mix until dissolved. Bake in buttered saucers. When brown, place one cake on top of the other and spread jam between, enough to serve four people.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP—One cup of cooked hot spinach, 2 cups of milk, 2 cups of cream (boiling), 1 cucumber, 2 egg yolks, 1 teaspoonful salt, ⅛ teaspoonful paprika, ⅛ teaspoonful nutmeg, 1 tablespoonful cornstarch or potato flour, 2 tablespoonfuls butter or oil. Remove seeds from cucumber; dice; place in cold water, slightly salted. Squeeze spinach thru sieve, then thru cloth. Beat yolks of eggs. Cream butter and cornstarch or potato flour, stir in boiling milk and cream. Boil five minutes until smooth. Add salt, paprika and nutmeg. Strain in spinach juice; this gives green tint. Remove from fire and beat in yolk of eggs. If it curdles strain soup. Just before serving stir in cucumber dice. Serve with blanched almonds.

SCALLOPED BRUSSEL SPROUTS—One quart brussel sprouts, 1½ cupfuls celery, salt, pepper, 1½ cupfuls milk, 3 tablespoonfuls fat, 3 tablespoonfuls flour, buttered crumbs. Pick over and remove wilted leaves from the sprouts then soak in cold water. Cook in plenty of boiling water in uncovered sauce pan, to avoid odor. When tender drain. Wash celery and chop. Melt fat, add celery, cook two minutes, then add flour and gradually the milk, add sprouts and turn mixture into baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake until brown.

CREAM OF CORN SOUP A LA CREOLE—Chop finely 1 can of corn, add an onion, sliced, the size of an egg, large sprig of parsley and 1 pint of water. Let cook twenty minutes, taking care it does not scorch. Then press thru a sieve, extracting all the pulp possible. Melt 2 rounding tablespoonfuls of butter, add an equal amount of sifted flour, ½ teaspoon salt and a good dash of pepper. Cook to a smooth paste. Then add gradually a quart of hot milk. When thick and smooth add the corn pulp and juice and a scant tablespoonful of sugar. Let it heat thoroly, but not boil. When ready to serve add a cup of cream or rich milk and salt to taste.

BREWIS—Break stale bits or slices of brown or stale bread in small pieces, allowing 1½ cups brown bread to ½ cup of white bread. Butter a hot frying pan, put in the bread and cover with equal parts milk and water. Cook until soft, add butter and salt to taste.

DATES WITH WHIPPED CREAM—Wash and stone the dates, cut into small pieces, then stir into them unsweetened whipped cream. Use your own judgment as to amount.

BLINNI (RUSSIAN)—One cup tepid milk, 1 cup barley flour, ½ cup rice flour, ½ yeast cake, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful sugar. Dissolve yeast in milk. Stir in flour. Let rise eight hours. Just before cooking add salt, sugar and enough milk to make a pour batter. Cook same as griddle cakes. Serve with caviar or salt fish.

CREAM SCONES—One cup of cream, 1 tablespoonful fat or oil, 1 cup of barley flour, 1 cup of rye flour, 1 cup of rice flour, 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls honey or corn sirup, 2 eggs. Sift flour, salt, sugar and baking powder, chop in fat or oil, beat eggs, add to cream; mix all ingredients; toss on floured board, roll one inch thick, cut; bake twenty minutes. Serve with milk.

GLORIFIED RICE PUDDING—Bake in a slow oven for two hours 3 tablespoonfuls of rice, 1 quart of milk, sugar, salt and vanilla to taste. Stir occasionally for the first hour. When cold beat in ½ pint of whipped cream and serve.

VANILLA CREAM—Four cups of milk, boiling, 3 egg yolks, 4 tablespoonfuls sugar, 4 teaspoonfuls cornstarch, 4 tablespoonfuls finely chopped almonds, 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Mix sugar and cornstarch very thoroly. Add to the boiling milk. Cook smooth. Beat egg yolks. Pour hot milk over yolk of eggs, beating constantly. Stir in almonds and vanilla. Place in individual molds. Chill and serve cold.

CHOCOLATE SUPREME—One cup of cream, 3 cups of boiling water, 2 cups strong coffee (fresh), 4 squares of chocolate, 1 tablespoonful vanilla, 6 teaspoonfuls sugar. Melt chocolate in double boiler, add coffee and sugar. Cook until nicely blended, stir into boiling water, add cream, boil and beat with egg beater. Just before serving add vanilla.

RASPBERRY CREAM—One pint of extra cream, ½ pint of red raspberries ¼ cup of sugar, a few grains of salt, 5 tablespoonfuls honey (honey causes cream to remain stiff), 1 teaspoonful almond extract. Crush and strain raspberries. Add honey and salt to cream. Place bowl of cream in pan filled with crushed ice. Beat stiff. Drain froth in sieve and place in ice chilled bowl. Do this several times until all the cream is stiff. Fold in extract and raspberry juice. Serve in chilled glasses.

APRICOT WHIP—One-half pint of extra cream, 1 cup of cooked dried apricots, 1-3 cup sugar, ½ teaspoonful vanilla. Wash dried apricots several times. Cook over night until tender. Put thru sieve, add sugar. Beat cream stiff. Fold in apricots. Serve with barley wafers.

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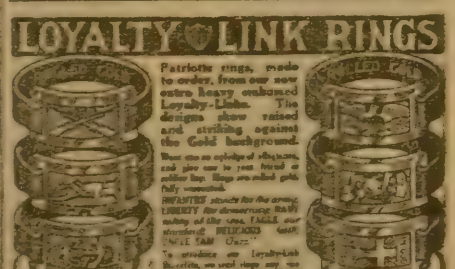

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PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

*The Palace Among the Rocks Is Described in the Fifth Installment of*

# Attila of the Destroying Rays

## By Stephen Gaillard

### Events of the Story to Date

WHEN a ring of murdering German agents gets hold of Professor Leanderthal, it tries to place him under the spell of a beautiful vampire woman in order to get him to finish an invention which will make war impossible. The spies desire it for Germany, so that nation can dominate the world by wiping out all opposing armies. A Turk, who is one of the spies, falls in love with the professor's daughter. He drugs her and is about to attempt to carry out his vile aim when the girl's sweetheart rescues her and takes her to her uncle's house. Soon after this the uncle is murdered. The girl's sweetheart, whose name is Warfield, goes to Frontivard, the great detective, and explains the case. The detective connects the murder with a strange chain of murders. He sends Warfield straight to the murdered man's house, and tells him to guard the girl, Caroline, day and night, and plunges into the thrilling case. Matthew Lehmann, a newspaper man who has been exposing German propaganda in America, and who was supposed to have been slain by the murder ring, suddenly and mysteriously appears at Frontivard's apartments. The Germans had slain his brother by mistake, and Lehmann had fled to Florida. He tells Frontivard of how he had helped an old smuggler out of trouble, and that in return the smuggler had taken him to a great isolated fortress of rock in the Atlantic off the South American coast and showed him a German fleet composed of many ships anchored in a wonderful harbor inside the great rock cliffs. His story shows that the ships are a part of a gigantic plot to bring America to her knees and place her under the rule of Attila. Frontivard and his aids leave immediately for the laboratory, where the professor has his destroying ray machine. The spies are there watching experiments. From concealment, Frontivard and his aids watch the professor demonstrate the power of the destroying ray machine to the spies gathered about him in his laboratory. Later, Frontivard gains access, slays a fierce leopard pet left there by the vampire woman, Zara Lal, and then uses the powerful rays to destroy all trace of the dead beast. Soon after this Frontivard traps and slays The Killer, who slaughters marked men for the spy ring. But in retaliation, the spy ring kills one of Frontivard's aids, and Warfield and Caroline are kidnaped. Frontivard rushes to the great residence occupied by Zara Lal, and the Turk, Halali Pasha, but finds the house has been deserted. The professor and his powerful invention also have vanished. Frontivard hurries to the rendezvous of Attila in the heart of the city and corners him in his luxuriously furnished Oriental palace, but Attila, who really is the great German Prince von Schlachtberg, escapes thru a trap door and vanishes. Frontivard then has Lehmann telegraph the smuggler's agent and they arrange for a trip to the great rock island where the big German fleet is concealed. In the interim, Warfield, Caroline and her father, Professor Leanderthal, are transported to the German base. Warfield, who has been drugged, awakes to find himself in the gardens of a magnificent palace—a place of mystery.

The earlier chapters of this story may be read in full by obtaining back copies of the Ledger from our agents, news dealers, or thru our office. The story began in issue No 25, dated June 22.

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### CHAPTER XXII.

### IN THE PRISON OF MYSTERY.

SEEKING for some reality near at hand by which his mind could grasp and hold, Warfield had turned to examine with a dull, impersonal curiosity, the chiseled scales of the dragon against which he leaned, when he was startled by a faint rustling, as of silk, on the portico behind him, and turning beheld that which was the last touch needed to heighten the fantasy of his surroundings.

A group of young girls had approached unseen, and, until they were close upon him, unheard. Dark-eyed, ivory-skinned, clad in Turkish costumes of flowered silk, with clinging white blossoms in their hair which served to set off its glossy blackness; they seemed to Warfield's imagination rather to be the spirits which inhabited this fairyland than creatures of corporeal flesh. Four of them bore a low table of some dark wood inlaid with silver, and that, at least, was sufficiently real; for it was loaded with substantial dishes from which odors escaped that made the young man keenly sensible that he had not broken his fast for more hours than he could be sure of.

The four who bore the table placed it near him on the porphyry floor of the portico, while the fifth, who seemed to superintend the arrangement, pushing forward a divan invited him by a sign to eat. Warfield, notwithstanding the sense of illusion which had been strong upon him since he had awakened in this strange place, was at bottom an intensely practical young man; and the sight of the table, invitingly laden as it was, at once brought the practical side of him uppermost. He realized that he was hungry—ravenously hungry—also that he needed strength for whatever might be in store for him; therefore he required no second bidding either by word or sign, but seated himself on the divan beside the table with the first feeling of genuine satisfaction he had experienced since awakening.

He had not the slightest idea what the various dishes might be composed of; but, at least, they were savory and satisfying; and when at last he desisted from his attack the table was a wreck of prandial warfare.

With satiety, however, came a clearness of ideas which made him more keenly sensible than heretofore of the cold realities of his situation and its horrible possibilities. With a mind alert he sought once again for some solution of the enigmas which confronted him: "Where was he? Whose palace was this? In what part of the world was it located? Was Caroline here also? What had been her fate?" were questions which cried for answer more insistently, more agonizingly, than ever. He glanced toward the girls who had waited upon him, wondering if they understood English and if it would be prudent to question them. They had seated themselves near by, and one of them—the one who had seemed to assume superintendence of the others—now came forward and placed a silver case full of cigarettes upon the table, together with a small wax taper.

"Has my Lord been pleased to enjoy his supper? Yes?" she said as she lighted the taper.

"Indeed, yes," said Warfield, delighted to find that she could speak English, "so much so that I am anxious to know who was thoughtful enough to provide it that I may render thanks."

"That you may do in the morning, my Lord," said the girl.

"And who may this generous person be?" asked Warfield, taking a cigarette from the case and rolling it between his fingers preparatory to lighting.

"Does not my Lord know?" the girl queried.

"Indeed, no: I haven't the slightest idea in the world," he said.

**"I May Not Say More, My Lord," Answered the Girl in the Same Low Tone.**

"Does not my Lord know in whose palace he is?"

"Again I must confess ignorance," Warfield replied.

"Know then, my Lord, that the sister of the mighty Attila—whose palace this is—ordered us, her slaves, to bring my Lord his supper and to obey him in all things, saving only one."

"Indeed. Now I am more bewildered than ever. Please tell me, if you don't mind, who is Attila, and who is his sister? And what is the one thing in which I may not be gratified?" declared Warfield.

The girl opened wide her dark eyes at what she no doubt considered his incredible ignorance. "The Lord Attila," she said, "is the mighty Prince von Schlachtberg; and the Princess Zara Lal, is his sister; and we were ordered to obey my Lord in all things, save only showing him how to leave the palace."

"I am a prisoner, then?" he asked calmly.

"I do not know. We were only ordered not to show you the way out of the palace," answered the girl.

"And what do the Prince von Schlachtberg and his sister intend doing with me?" said he.

The girl smiled incredulously. "Do you not know?" she said.

"Once more I must plead ignorance," Warfield admitted.

"Then it were better that my Lord should hear it from the Prince's own lips in the morning," the girl asserted.

Warfield tossed away his cigarette and taking another lighted it absently. He was thinking fast. That he must consider himself a prisoner was evident; it was equally evident that he was one to whom privileges were accorded. He resolved to try and discover just how far he could push those privileges without check.

"Am I free," he said, looking up at the girl, "to go where I like within the palace if I don't attempt to escape?"

"Yes, my Lord," she answered.

"And do what I like?" he asked.

"Yes, my Lord," the girl meekly replied.

"Certainly," he thought, "my latitude is broad enough; let's see how far it works out in practice.

Then he said aloud: "Very well, then, I desire now to be alone and—to sleep."

"As my Lord wills," said the girl, rising, the others following her example. Then she added: "The peace of Allah be with you, my Lord and"— she made a movement to withdraw, but paused and hesitated.

"And what?" he asked.

"Go not near the western gardens, my Lord," and she indicated the direction with a wave of her hand.

"Is that included in the prohibition of the Princess Zara Lal?" said Warfield, smiling.

"No, my Lord," said the girl in a low tone, taking a step toward him, "it is a warning from me, Nedjma Nadura."

"But why do you give it? What danger for me lurks in the western gardens?" he asked.

"I may not say more, my Lord," answered the girl in the same low tone, glancing around apprehensively, "even for having said so much I may be punished, tho I was not forbidden to give the warning; only we, the servants of the Princess, are but permitted to say what we are told to say, no more."

"Well, at any rate, I thank you," said Warfield, more mystified than ever, "and perhaps I may heed your advice."

"You are welcome for the warning, my Lord, and you will do well to heed it." With a graceful salaam, the girls withdrew, disappearing thru a door that opened upon the portico a few feet from that one which led to the chamber in which he had awakened.

When they were gone, Warfield, drawing the conclusion that he was watched from the girl's evident apprehension of their conversation being overheard, withdrew into the chamber where he had first found himself upon recovering consciousness and seated himself upon the divan. The supper had restored his strength and steadied his faculties. He resolved to lose no time in putting to a practical test the freedom of action which the girl had indicated to be his. Leaving the chamber, therefore, this time by the door opposite to that one which gave access to the portico, he found himself in a dimly lighted corridor. Proceeding along it he presently came to a circular, glass-domed court, with a fountain in the center surrounded by small palms in tubs. From this court three doors opened beside the one by which he had entered. Crossing the court and choosing one of the doors leading out of it at random, he found himself in a maze of passages which crossed and recrossed one another in bewildering confusion. From all of them many curtained doors opened, but when he drew the curtains aside he found only empty chambers—empty, and as silent as the grave: and yet he was oppressed by a feeling that his every movement was spied upon. Twice, indeed, he thought he detected the sound of light footsteps as he drew a curtain aside, and could almost have sworn that some one had slipped away at his approach; but when he rushed forward and attempted to overtake the fleeting figure he found only a waving curtain, an empty passage.

At length, when he had long lost all idea of locality, he issued forth upon a broad stone terrace, dimly lighted. Beyond the terrace lay a garden; beyond the garden what looked in the dim light to be open country. He could scarcely repress a cry of exultation. He was free, or so at least he thought, forgetful of the eyes that had seemed to peer out at him and the forms that had seemed to flee from him in the maze of passages.

He paused for a moment to inhale the refreshing breeze and to look about him. The terrace seemed to be of great extent; apparently bounding all of one

side of the palace, it stretched away in shadowy vistas on either hand. Along the side next to the garden ran a stone balustrade surmounted by slender pillars—twenty or thirty at least he thought there must be—each of which supported an electric lamp in the form of a yellow globe which shed a soft and mellow, albeit dim, radiance over the terrace, over the fantastic mass of the building behind and over the garden beyond it. He crossed to the balustrade and looked down. The garden lay perhaps fifteen feet below the level of the terrace. It was wilder in appearance than the one he had seen before that night; the trees more forest-like in seeming, the thickets denser, the paths, which were numerous, narrower, and, as far as he could follow their windings, laid out without apparent design. Not that all these details greatly interested him, no; the garden was for him the road to freedom, that was all. Only the thought of Caroline made him pause for an instant before leaping down to the turf below the terrace and making off thru the thickets. It seemed as if he were deserting her; but, he reflected, his best chance of rescuing her, if she were indeed in the hands of these strange captors, lay in being himself free. Yet he hesitated. The uncertainty of his sweetheart's fate was maddening, and with freedom seemingly in his grasp he stood irresolute, looking up at the sky where storm wrack drifted as if before a gale, altho only a gentle breeze blew along the terrace.

Wondering somewhat at the contrast between the stormy sky overhead and the calm which reigned below, he moved slowly along the balustrade, uncertain what to do, when the sound of footsteps caused him to turn towards the palace, and he saw a number of men issue from the portal thru which he had come. Moving with soldierly precision, they began to spread out in a semi-circle, evidently intending to surround him.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE TIGER WOMAN.

UPON the instant Warfield's resolution was taken. He leaped upon the balustrade and down to the turf below. As he did so there was a shout behind him and the men rushed forward. The next moment his foot struck a projection of the terrace wall and he fell heavily to the ground. Tho shaken by the fall he was on his feet again in an instant, and looking upwards saw that what he had struck against was a row of iron prongs projecting outward and downward as if to prevent any one who had leaped from the terrace from climbing back again. That he had no desire to do, however, for a number of his pursuers had climbed upon the balustrade and appeared to be hesitating whether or not to leap down after him.

Without waiting for them to decide Warfield dashed into the nearest thicket. Beyond the thicket, as he found upon scrambling thru it, lay an open glade, and beyond that another thicket; plunging thru which he came presently to yet another glade, stretching away beneath the trees until lost in shadow. Upon reaching the second glade and finding himself out of sight and sound of his pursuers, if, indeed, any had followed him into the garden, he moderated his pace and began to look about him for some issue from the tangle of thickets by which he was surrounded. He was feeling very well satisfied with himself at having escaped; he even laughed a little at the seeming hesitation of his pursuers, as many of them as there had been, about following him into the garden, the mazes of which would have given him a certain advantage over them. He had paused to look about him and try to get his bearings, when suddenly the smile froze upon his lips and he stood transfixed with horror. From a thicket that bordered the glade behind him he saw a shadowy form issue forth. Lithe and sinuous of motion, unmistakably cat like, it moved to the middle of the glade and slowly turned its head and fixed upon him a pair of gleaming eyes. At the same moment the moon came for an instant from behind the cloud wrack overhead and revealed the beautifully striped body of an enormous tiger.

Warfield stood perfectly still as tho he were suddenly turned to stone. He was virtually paralyzed with astonishment. Recovering from his first shock of astonishment, he began to move slowly backwards down the glade, mechanically, like one dazed, unconsciously putting into practice what he had heard about the necessity of always facing dangerous animals and never allowing them to get behind you. As for the tiger, he at first crouched low upon the turf and crawled forward a few feet with ears laid back and tail lashing from side to side, as if contemplating a charge; then, daunted perhaps by the deliberation of Warfield's movements and his seemingly bold bearing, or actuated perhaps by the distaste of all cats for open attack, he changed his purpose, and crossing the glade at a bound, slunk into a thicket on the right.

His disappearance and seeming cowardice had the effect of bringing Warfield to his senses. In the first moment of relief following the beast's disappearance the young man fancied himself comparatively safe; in the next, however, he realized that his danger had increased tenfold. He thought he could detect a slight rustling noise in a nearby thicket, and it flashed across his mind that the beast was stalking him from the cover of the bushes and was liable to spring out upon him at any moment. He was about to make a run for it, trusting to his no mean powers as sprinter, when from the other side the swish of the undergrowth as it was brushed aside by the passage of a heavy body apprised him that he was beset on either hand; while at the same instant a third tiger leaped into the glade, stood at gaze for a moment, and then plunged into the thickets to join its comrades. Apparently the garden was full of tigers. Warfield decided that sprinting would be foolhardy under the circumstances with his retreat cut off on every hand.

The amateur boxing champion of a continent, however, was not the sort of man to lose his nerve easily. His was that rarest kind of courage which rises higher as dangers thicken. His hour had struck, he was to die by the fangs of the striped demons loose in that garden, of that he made no doubt; but for all that he resolved to brave it out to the last; and, tho his knees trembled beneath him as he turned and walked steadily down the glade, his bearing gave no sign of the fear that clutched him.

He had gone perhaps a hundred steps, with the rustling in the bushes on either hand keeping pace with him, when from somewhere in front and to the right of him came a low, long drawn whistle, thrice repeated. Instantly three tigers bounded across the glade from left to right and disappeared beneath the trees. While the rustling in the thickets to the right of him died away.

The disappearance of the beasts and the mysterious whistle that had recalled them bewildered the young man even more than their presence had terrified him. It was in keeping with the rest of his adventures in the mysterious palace of Attila; and, tho relieved of present danger, he hurried on in momentary expectation of an even more perilous denouement.

He was not disappointed. At the end of fifty yards the thickets on either hand became more dense, the glade narrowed, until presently he found himself in an alley between two walls of verdure, from which he suddenly emerged into a turf-carpeted meadow only to be leaped upon from behind by several men who had lain concealed in the thickets by which the meadow was surrounded. His assailants sprang upon him so suddenly that he had no chance to resist, and, powerful tho he was, he found himself quite helpless in their hands, altho they seemed to endeavor to restrain him with as little violence as possible. One of them indeed, speaking in good English, advised him not to struggle and to come with them quietly as no harm was intended to him.

Perhaps if he had been less firmly held Warfield might not have recognized the soundness of the man's advice; but, as it was, he suffered himself to be led quietly across the meadow towards a pavilion which surmounted a little knoll at one end of it, and which he now observed for the first time. A flight of stone steps, flanked by dragon balustrades, led downward from the pavilion to the level ground below the knoll, and up these his captors led him. Two rows of electric lamps—three on either hand, surmounted slender pillars like those he had observed on the terrace—flanked the stairway on either hand and enabled him to admire the fantastic beauty of architecture which the pavilion exhibited; while the interior, into which his captors presently ushered him, presented a scene as strange and unreal as any that the imagination of Oriental story tellers ever conjured up. It was lighted by several electroliers which hung by golden chains from the dome of the roof, and the roof itself was supported upon pillars grotesquely carved to represent trees and their foliage, slender at the bottom, spreading at the top; while beneath the dome stood a magnificent divan elevated upon a pyramidal dais strewn with costly rugs and guarded at its four corners by four magnificent tigers that glared at him as he approached, while two others crouched upon either side of the occupant of the divan.

Upon the divan a woman sat half reclining, and as Warfield's conductors led him to the foot of the dais and released him, she smiled and motioned with her hand for him to ascend. He obeyed as one under a hypnotic influence, heedless of the crouching tigers, scarce observing their presence, fascinated by the woman's outlandish beauty, mastered for the moment by the spell of the imperious will that shone in her eyes—glorious eyes, piercing, yet beautiful, they seemed to epitomize in their smouldering golden depths the beauty and the charm, the mystery and the horror of the Orient.

"Sit, my Lord," she said in English, pointing to an inlaid stool that stood beside the divan, "I permit you."

Then, as Warfield did not answer, but seated himself in silence, while his wondering eyes were fixed upon her face, she said: "I had planned a different meeting than this, my Lord," she went on, "had not your headlong rashness overruled my plans. I think that you must be either a very brave man or else a very foolhardy one. Could you find no other place in which to take an evening stroll than a tiger-haunted garden? It was perilous, my Lord, most perilous, even tho they are tame tigers that may be whistled home at will."

"I did not know they were in the garden when I entered it," answered Warfield, the sound of her English speech bringing him back to some of the reality of things, "or I would not have ventured there. But why address me as 'My Lord,' he went on, "when it appears that in reality I am not even lord of my own freedom."

"Precautions have been taken for your safety, that is all. It would be unsafe for you to leave this palace alone; almost as unsafe as it nearly proved to be for you to wander thru it, when you took advantage of the freedom of action which was not denied you," she smiled.

"But why am I here at all? Why am I kept a prisoner? What has become of ——"

"Of the woman you fancied that you loved, you would say," said the woman interrupting him. "Think no more of her, my friend, for I, Zara Lal, sister of the mighty Attila, have willed for you a loftier destiny than ever could be yours at her side."

"But you do not understand," said Warfield, "she is my bethrothed, I could as soon forget my life as forget her."

Zara Lal laughed, the wicked, spiteful laugh of a jealous woman. "She has forgotten you already, my Lord," she said, "in the arms of Halali Pasha."

The effect of the fiendish taunt upon Warfield was galvanic. Up to that moment he had been unable to shake off the strong impression that possessed him of the unreality of his surroundings; he had felt as a sleeper might feel should he be aware that he was dreaming and yet be unable to awaken; but now, upon the instant, the incubus vanished, and in its place succeeded a clearness of ideas, a sternness of resolution, a steadiness of self control that was supernormal. He stifled the fierce impulse that rose in him to shout back at the tiger woman: "You lie!" even as the words rose to his lips; and, instead, with every muscle tense, every faculty alert—played for time.

"Perhaps," he said, with apparent indifference, in reply to Zara Lal's taunt, "women are strange creatures. But what is this high destiny you have willed for me?"

As he spoke his eyes were taking in as much of his surroundings as he could survey without betraying that he did so. He sat with his back towards the palace from whence he had come, and, looking beyond the pillars that upheld the roof of the pavilion, he could see that the knoll on which it stood fell away abruptly to a little valley, bounded, as nearly as he could judge in the darkness, by an even steeper ascent on the farther side. The men who had brought him to the pavilion had disappeared, dismissed by a nod from Zara Lal, tho he had no doubt they were still close at hand; while the tigers that crouched beside the divan and on four corners of the dais, looked about them so dully that it flashed thru his mind that they might be drugged.

"My Lord," said Zara Lal, and the vibrant intensity of her tone startled him, while the fire in the depths of her golden eyes, the triumph and exultation that illuminated the outlandish beauty of her features, compelled him to look at her whether he would or no, "My Lord, the day of our triumph, after mighty Attila's triumph, is at hand; a mightier Attila has arisen than ever was the 'scourge of God;' and soon will our armies sweep over America; in fact, over the whole world, armed with weapons which no courage will be able to withstand, and directed by the mind of one beside whom the greatest conquerers were but pigmies; and you, my Lord, alone of all your race, shall escape the slavery that shall be their portion and be one of the leaders of the conquering hosts, if you will but swear to serve faithfully the great leader of the conquering host."

Warfield shuddered as he listened to her words, wild as they were, so fraught was her tone with confidence of power


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to achieve the enslavement of mankind she threatened.

"And why am I thus singled out?" he asked.

"Can you not guess, my friend?" she answered, her eyes softening as she gazed upon him. "Suppose a woman of the conquering race, a woman who wields some power in their hosts and whose voice is heard with respect in their councils, had looked upon you and loved you, loved you tho she had seen you but rarely, a vision of godlike youth, and spoken to you not at all?"

"I am a poor hand at guessing riddles and the supposition you mention is too wild to find place, save in an Oriental tale; but, what if I should refuse?" he said and watched her face closely.

"I will answer with yet another riddle which I think you can guess, my lord," said Zara Lal, her eyes glittering. "You see this tiger's paw"—indicating one of the beasts at her side—"stroke it, my Lord, you need have no fear while I, his mistress, am present. It is soft, is it not, my Lord—velvety soft? And yet that velvety softness hides death."

"That riddle is altogether too easy to guess," said Warfield, smiling, tho he shuddered as he smiled, "but tell me," he went on, "what assurance have you of the power to fulfil the prophesy you have made?"

"You ask what assurance? My Lord, turn—and behold."

Warfield turned in the direction in which she pointed, while Zara Lal picked up a telephone instrument which he had not before observed and uttered a few words into the transmitter in a language which he could not understand.

"In a moment you shall see," she said, setting the instrument down and again directing his gaze with her pointing finger.

At first Warfield could see nothing in the darkness outside, which was intensified by contrast with the lights in the pavilion; then, suddenly, a ray of dazzling brilliance flashed thru the obscurity. Another, and another, and yet others followed it, until at last was revealed to his astonished gaze such a scene as never has been duplicated since history began and the nations first went forth to war.

The garden, as he now perceived for the first time, extended down to the edge of a lagoon which in the glare of the innumerable searchlights appeared to be a mile or more across. Roughly circular in form, it was surrounded by a wall of cliffs not unlike the sides of a bowl, and between the cliffs and the shore the land rose in gentle wooded slopes, broken, as the searchlights revealed here and there, by ravines that ran from the water's edge to the foot of the cliffs. Many buildings, singly and in groups, lined the margin of the lagoon; but what most of all astonished him, and sent a chill of dread to his heart as he realized the meaning of its menace, was the fleet which floated on its surface. Battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, how many of them he could not even guess—a navy rode at anchor there, bow to stern and broadside to broadside, a close packed innumerable armada; motionless, apparently devoid of life, like dream ships on a haunted sea. But, as if to demonstrate the completeness of their efficiency, even as he gazed a cloud of war planes rose from their decks and, just clearing the fighting tops, circled for a few moments above the fleets and then settled to the decks again like falcons returning at the falconer's whistle.

Warfield had risen to his feet as the myriad searchlights flashed in dazzling succession across the lagoon; and as the awe-inspiring scene was revealed, segment after segment, to his astonished gaze, it flashed across his mind that he had been transported beyond the sea and was gazing upon a land locked harbor of Turkey or of Germany.

"Lady," he said, turning toward Zara Lal and pointing with outstretched hand toward the fleet, "where am I?"

"Where do you think?" she asked him.

"I know not," he replied.

Zara Lal smiled.

"My Lord, you are on an island in the Caribbean Sea," she said.

"Impossible! Impossible!" he exclaimed.

"Quite possible," said the woman, rising and coming to his side. "This is our stronghold, our base of operation from which we intend to strike at the heart of America when the nation is drained of her young fighting men. But you are bewildered, you do not understand; therefore I will reveal the secret to you. You see those cliffs that shut in the lagoon. From the sea they reveal nothing, not even an entrance to the lagoon yonder, unless you know where and how to look for it; yet, nevertheless, they conceal a harbor, safe, secret and spacious enough to give secure anchorage to the fleet that ere long shall strike the shores of the United States a very thunderbolt of war. You are in an island off Santander Rocks, my Lord, which no one thought of looking after until we came, save only one old half piratical smuggler."

She paused and looked up at him to observe the effect produced by her words and smiled as she noted the flush upon his face and the tenseness of his gaze, still fixed upon the fleet in the lagoon. Cunning as was Zara Lal she was quite lacking in psychological insight and failed utterly to comprehend the source of his emotions or the workings of his mind. She had spoken to Warfield as to a German or Turk, naively unsuspecting that his soul might revolt at the betrayal of his country and the desertion of his race which she proposed. Therefore she was quite unprepared for the denouement which followed.

Warfield had arisen to his feet, moved by genuine astonishment at the scene revealed by the searchlights, but in the back of his brain there was another thought which his strange companion's revelation of the position of the island fortress had crystallized into motive for instant and desperate action. If the palace was indeed so near the Venezuelan coast as her words indicated, then there must be some means of escape, some chance, however desperate, of reaching it; but in order to take advantage of whatever chance might present itself he must be free. So, at the very moment when Zara Lal thought she saw gratified pride and awakening ambition reflected in his tense features and flashing eyes, he had turned his head and was measuring with his glance the distance from the pavilion to the acclivity which bounded the garden on the farther side. She moved toward him and placed her hand upon his arm.

"My Lord—Ah!——"

The exclamation leaped from her lips like the snarl of an enraged tigress. Warfield had brushed her aside and, clearing the dais at a bound had leaped between the pillars of the pavilion to the turf below. The fall hardly checked him for an instant. Falling into his stride with the readiness of a trained sprinter, he bounded down the slope and across the narrow strip of level ground between the foot of the knoll upon which the pavilion stood and the opposite side of the little valley. The tiger woman's scream of rage lent wings to his feet. He heard a thud on the turf behind him, followed by another and another, and knew that she had set her striped demons upon him. A babel of shouts and cries arose from the attendants whom their mistress' scream had summoned. Half a dozen rifles cracked and the bullets whistled wickedly near him. Straining up the slope opposite the pavilion he reached a wall of rock and scrambled up its side, clinging by the vines with which it was covered. He was scarce six feet from the ground when there was a snarl behind him and a stretching paw almost grazed his leg as he drew it out of reach. Below him he could hear the tigers snarling as they leaped at the wall in vain attempts to reach him, tearing the vines as they fell back baffled. He was almost at the top of the wall when his head struck against an unseen obstruction and he was near falling backwards into the jaws of the beasts raging below. He flung up his hand to save himself and grasped the obstruction which had nearly proved fatal to him. It proved to be one of a row of downward curving iron prongs such as he had encountered when he leaped from the terrace into the garden. To seize another of them with his other hand and pull himself up was no great feat for a trained athlete, and a moment later he had scrambled upon the top of the wall of rock.

The appearance of his form silhouetted against the sky was the signal for another volley of shots from his pursuers, and again the bullets whistled all around him; their only effect, however, was to accelerate his movements. A quick glance about him revealed that the wall up which he had scrambled formed one side of a level plateau of unknown extent, covered with a thick growth of small trees and bushes. Spurred on by the shots and shouts behind him he plunged into the dense growth, running with body bent low and listening eagerly to learn if his pursuers were climbing up the wall behind him. He was probably indebted for their not doing so to the presence of the tigers; for, tame tho they might be, it is probable that Zara Lal's attendants were not anxious to approach the wall while they were raging at the foot of it. At any rate the shots ceased and the shouts grew fainter as Warfield ran on. At the end of a couple of hundred yards he came to the brink of a ravine, the depth of which he could not measure in the darkness and the side of which seemed almost perpendicular. On the side where he was the plateau rose in a gentle slope toward the cliffs which formed a sea wall for the interior of the island and the lagoon; while on the opposite side the ground rose more steeply and apparently in a succession of terraces in the same direction.

Turning, he proceeded along the brink of the ravine at a more deliberate pace, resolved not to risk the descent unless compelled to do so. He had not gone far in the new direction, however, when the searchlights on the ships in the lagoon began to sweep the plateau in every direction. There was no help for it, he must risk the descent, for the windings of the ravine offered the only possible concealment from the revealing rays. He turned and began to work his way down the almost perpendicular declivity, clinging for support to the vines and shrubs that clothed its side. Twice his frail support gave way and he was near falling; once he was compelled to hazard a desperate leap in the dark down to an outcropping ledge of rock hardly wide enough to stand upon and scarcely visible in the darkness. At length, however, he reached the bottom, perhaps two hun-


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dred feet below the level of the plateau.

At the bottom of the ravine the thickets were even more dense than upon its sides; but between the thickets a tiny brook tumbled over the stones, singing as it went, and he paused beside it to lave his face and hands, bleeding from innumerable scratches. That pause was his salvation, for as he arose from beside the stream he heard a splashing as of footsteps in the water and the sound of voices coming down the stream. His pursuers had evidently made their way into the gorge at a point above where he was by some path known to themselves and were coming down it to head him off from the landward side. Creeping deep into the thicket behind him he lay motionless, scarce daring to breathe, wondering at first how his enemies had reached the ravine so quickly at a point above where he had entered it; then he remembered the telephone in the pavilion and realized how quickly the tiger woman could rouse the inmates of the palace and set them in pursuit.

Presently half a dozen men came down the stream. They were silent now, plunging bayonets into the tangled vines and bushes on either hand. One of the bayonets grazed Warfield's shoulder as he crouched in the thicket; but he stifled the groan that almost escaped him, and the searchers passed on toward the lagoon, little dreaming how close they had been to their quarry. When they were gone he crept from his hiding place and walked up the stream toward the black mass of the cliffs that towered in the background.

He had gone perhaps a hundred yards, passing as he went the path by which his enemies had descended, when a low moan that seemed to come from within a few feet of him sent a wild thrill to his heart.

"Good God!" he muttered, with hard drawn breath. "that was a woman!"

Quivering with excitement he paused and waited for the sound to be repeated.

In a few seconds he heard it again; this time accompanied by a low, inarticulate murmur, as if the sufferer were attempting to speak.

Feeble and inarticulate as the sounds were they brought to Warfield recognition. With fear of the ghastly horror he dreaded to find gripping his heart as in a frigid vise, he plunged into the thicket whence the sounds had come.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

### DOWN TO THE BLACK ABYSS.

"AMERICA was unworthy of so perfect a flower of love as thou art, beautiful one, therefore have I brought thee here, without thy knowledge and against thy will; a jewel which I have snatched from a base unworthy setting, a beautiful flower which I have transplanted from the cold and arid wastes into a garden where all beauty and tenderness and poetry shall surround thee, and the unfolding blossom of thy love shall find its true development."

So spoke Halali Pasha to Caroline Leanderthal, a sensuous look upon his face, and love and brute desire gleaming from his eyes. Caroline shrunk from him.

"Halali Pasha, every word that you utter to me here, captive and helpless as I am, is an insult; could you understand—were you capable of comprehending the meaning of generosity, of chivalry, you would know that every word of love you have ever uttered to me has been an insult. You knew from the first that I did not love you; but you persisted, taking advantage of the helplessness of my position even in my father's house to force your suit upon me, until I grew to loathe you then as I loathe you now."

As she spoke the girl arose from the divan upon which she had been sitting and faced the Turk with defiance born of desperation.

The scene was in another part of that palace in which Penrhynn Warfield had found himself when he recovered consciousness. A hidden electrolier pervaded the chamber with a soft radiance, revealing dimly its barbaric splendor. It was here that Caroline Leanderthal had found herself upon recovering from a state of semi-consciousness in which she had been since her abduction; and it was here that, but a few moments before, Halali Pasha had intruded his hateful presence upon her. To the girl's quick mind the sight of him had explained all. Whatever the place was, however she had been brought there, the loathed presence of her tormentor left in her mind no doubt as to why she was there. And if the assurance brought with it despair, it brought also desperation and an unshakable resolve. If death were the only way out of the toils—then death!

"Beautiful one," answered Halali Pasha in soft tones that did not conceal—that were not intended to conceal—the brutal passion that to him was love, "you wrong me, but I forgive you; for you do not yet understand the meaning of love. All that you know of love is the cold regard which is all your American men are capable of bestowing even upon the most beautiful woman. Bah! They have no soul, no passion! They are mere dollar worshippers, thinking machines, pieces of mechanism for the accomplishment of tasks. How can such creatures know love, or feel the maddening, intoxicating sweetness of passion? But I, I am of the East; the poetic, the passionate, the magic East. The East which has forgotten more than you Americans ever knew. I am a man of hot blood and fire, a true scion of the Turkish conquerors; and my passion shall melt the ice of your repugnance, your imagined loathing, and kindle in your heart a flame as quenchless as that which burns in mine."

He took a step toward the girl. He was smiling. He did not choose to see the horror and loathing in her face; or, if he did choose to see it, it only heightened his triumph.

"You a scion of the Turkish conquerors? You are indeed a worthy one! You a man of blood and fire? Yes, if brutal license constitutes such a one! You of the magic East? Yes, of that East which has forgotten more vileness than white men ever knew;" she cried.

"Beautiful one, you know not what you say, and I regard it not more than I would the flutterings of the wings of a captive bird. You are mine! Despite your loathing and your struggles mine you shall be! To subdue so proud a spirit adds but to the sweet zest of conquest; to see you yield at last, acknowledging the power of my passion, will but add sweetness to my bliss," whispered the passionate Turk.

He came a step nearer. The girl retreated to the wall of the chamber. Had Halali Pasha been altogether wise he would have sensed danger in the desperate gleam that was in her eyes as she faced him. A few feet away was a curtained doorway, but he was between it and Caroline. He saw her glance towards it, and laughed.

"It is useless to seek to escape, my captive dove," he said, "quite useless. That doorway only leads to another apartment of your cage."

As he spoke he sprang forward with outstretched arms. But at his loathsome touch one of the girl's strong, white arms suddenly shot out straight in front of her and smote Halali Pasha full upon the mouth, and the scion of the Turkish conquerors fell heavily to the floor. Before he could regain his feet the girl had sprung past him and thru the curtained doorway. The chamber to which it led was in darkness, but on the side opposite to that by which he had entered, Caroline saw an open window. She ran towards it. A shout rang thru the chamber she had left, a shout that was rather like a snarl of rage, and she now heard answering cries and a rush of feet. She reached the open window. She climbed upon the ledge and looked down, and from her lips was wrested a cry of horror. Below her yawned a black abyss, its depth immeasurable, a hidden in impenetrable darkness.

As she stood framed in the window the light was switched on in the chamber, and in the doorway thru which she had come she saw the loathsome face of Halali Pasha. His lips were bleeding, his features distorted by all the wild passions usually concealed behind the veil of treacherous suavity; over his shoulders she could see the faces of half a dozen of his creatures. The chamber had but one entrance and all escape was barred; and even if it had not been so she knew that flight thru the unknown mazes of the palace was quite hopeless; she was trapped—trapped like a wild thing in the toils of the hunters.

Halali Pasha rushed forward with a cry of evil triumph; but as he approached her the girl, with one last look of horror and loathing and despair, turned and leaped down to the black abyss that yawned below.

When she had nerved herself for the plunge she had expected instant death; but instead she found her fall broken by a tangle of briars and vines thru which she plunged, down, down, from thicket to thicket that clothed the sides of the ravine; until she reached firm earth at last, and, dazed by the force of her fall, lost consciousness.

Her senses were restored by water being dashed into her face. Still with the dread upon her of the loathsome Turk from whom she had escaped, she tried at first feebly to struggle in the arms that held her and then ceased. The moon, breaking for an instant thru the storm wrack overhead, shone upon Penrhynn Warfield's face. Caroline recognized him.

"Pen, Pen," she murmured, snuggling closer to him, "thank God; thank God!" Then she fainted.

**In their flight up a cliff, risking their lives at every step, Warfield and Caroline gain the top, and push a bowlder down upon their foes, killing many. On top of the cliff, in a glass house, Caroline finds her father bending over a powerful destroying ray machine he has just perfected. They warn him that Attila has been using him for a tool. He realizes for the first time that he has been duped. Frontivard has just arrived upon the stronghold. The last installment, in a spectacular and tensely dramatic climax, unfolds what happened.**

* * *

## Showing Him Up.

"A MAN must be well versed when he takes his married sister's children out for a stroll these days," remarked the confirmed bachelor.

"There never was a time," said the confirmed father of two hopefuls, "when this was not true and accurate."

"Sure! But I know it better than ever now," said the confirmed bachelor. "I had an experience with my sister's two angels yesterday and before we go out again I'll have to learn a lot or lose prestige permanently. I've lost class already.

"I took them for a stroll thru the park Sunday afternoon and got into deep water thereby. Nope, not the lagoon. Intellectually, I mean. We had gone but a short distance when Willie, the younger, spotted a bird in a near by tree.

"'What kind of a bird is that?' he piped.

"'Willie,' I said 'it's a red bird with blue trimmings.'

"That boy had the nerve to laugh, but he stuck to his purpose. 'Yes, uncle, I can see that plainly,' he said, 'but that isn't what I asked you. I want to know what family it belongs to?'

"I told him kindly that it didn't belong to any family; that it was wild.

"He laughed again with childish enthusiasm and then charged bayonets.

"'I mean,' said he, 'is it a robin or a humming bird?'

"I relapsed into slapstick comedy. I said: 'That is a flaming flamingo.'

"'Oh, Uncle Petie,' piped up Willie's sister Genevieve, 'that isn't a flamingo at all! A flamingo is a long limbed bird done entirely in red and never comes north so far as this. How could you so mislead Willie as to flamingos?'

"How could I? I ask you. But on the other hand, how could I do otherwise?"

"'My dear little niece,' I said to Genevieve, 'I knew all the time it wasn't a flamingo, but you know what a jester I am. The flamingo is a bird of another feather.'

"'But, uncle,' went on Genevieve persistently. 'Go ahead and tell me!'

"'Look at those two men rocking the rowboat!' I tried to beat a strategic retreat. 'If those two men are not careful they'll capsize.'

"So they forgot the bird in sweetly childish anticipation of a naval catastrophe. But those selfish men refused to tip over and the kids lost interest.

"'Oh, uncle,' piped up Willie presently, 'what kind of tree is this?'

"'It's a sapling,' I replied gravely.

"'Certainly. Any one can see it's a sapling, uncle,' cut in Genevieve. 'That's no information for Willie. That tree is a Norway pine. Called a——'

"'What kind of an animal is a minx?' said Willie as he caught a glimpse of the animal cages in the distance.

"'The minx is the most dangerous creature not in captivity,' I answered and resolutely led the kids home.

"But you can see how difficult the modern child can make life for an adult!"

"You ought to be ashamed of your abysmal ignorance," said the confirmed married man.

* * *

## Small and Select.

"NOW that's it's getting warmer," said Dorothy's mother, "you may invite four or five of your little friends to a party if you would like to."

"Honest?" exclaimed Dorothy, with customary doubt as to her parent's veracity.

"I said you might," said her mother, patiently.

"Oh, goody! I'll ask Sally and Frances and Margaret and Frank and Katherine!" Dorothy counted them off on her fingers.

"Yes, that'll be enough. You may ask them for next Saturday." Dorothy's mother picked up her sewing, thus dismissing the subject.

This conversation took place on Wednesday afternoon.

Dorothy was still at dinner. When the dessert was brought on she smiled sweetly at her mother.

"Say, mother," she began, "I don't think one boy would like to come to a party with all girls, do you?"

"Oh, no," replied her mother, absently.

"That's what I thought," said Dorothy, "so I invited Joseph and Billy. That'll be all right, won't it?"

"Well," said her mother, dubiously, "I suppose so, but it makes more than I had planned for."

Thursday morning, standing at the window, Dorothy spied an acquaintance. "Oh, mother, there's Grace, and I never invited her to my party!" she cried. Then before an objection could stop her she had flown to the door to call out a cordial invitation to the party. It was immediately accepted.

"That isn't many more—just one," explained Dorothy to her mother.

Her mother said nothing. There was silence for the space of one minute.

"Oh, mother!" Dorothy was plainly excited. "If you should see a very poor child, wouldn't you be sorry!" She watched eagerly for signs of sympathy in her mother's face. Then she smiled in relief. "I knew you wouldn't care—and I invited a poor little girl at school who I know wouldn't ever go to a party, maybe. She's got a brother, but she couldn't very well leave him at home when he's the same size—and he promised to come, too!"

"Dorothy!" began her mother, weakly. "Well, don't ask any more children, will you? Now, remember."

"Mother," Dorothy said on Friday afternoon when she came in from school, "if a girl just came up and asked you to invite her you'd have to, wouldn't you?"

"If," began her mother.

"Well, three girls and two boys came up together and said could they come to my party, and I don't know them very well, so I couldn't say no. I said I guessed they could come and they're coming!"

"Child!" exclaimed the mother. "I won't be able to prepare for them all! How many have you asked?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Dorothy, airily. "Anyway, it'll be a nice party. I wish it was my birthday!" The last was uttered with a slight sigh. It was much to give up the chance of receiving so many gifts.

When the day of the party arrived and Dorothy was dressed ready to receive her little guests her mother went out to see how things were progressing in the kitchen. After fifteen minutes she returned. She gasped at the sight that met her eyes.

Children were arriving in droves. Children of all ages, in all sorts of attire, already thronged every room. They were seated in all the chairs and some sat on the floor!

"You see, I thought as there were such lots that they all could bring their friends, 'cause I didn't know them all and they'd be lonesome. Now you and I can go up and play house," explained Dorothy, as she escorted Margaret to the nursery, while her mother proceeded to entertain the guests.

* * *

## Practically Useless.

"THIS expert advises us to burn wood instead of coal."

"That's fine advice," sneered the city man.

"Well?"

"About the only wood I ever see that's available for fuel is in the form of toothpicks and matches."


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# The Sister of Jack Kemper

## By Henry Chapman

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PROBABLY the reason why Ed Sperry so carefully avoided Dolly Kemper was because his mother had held her up to him as a pink of perfection. It has never been quite satisfactorily explained why the young male of the species invariably shies at the term "a good girl" and so invariably demands it in the same girl after they are married.

At any rate Mrs. Sperry saw the unselfishness, kindliness and clear head of Dolly Kemper, and made the untact-

"Dolly," He Implored.

ful mistake of telling her son about it, and suggesting that he pay the young lady some attention when Mrs. Sperry invited her to tea. Probably if she had not so insistently enlarged on her good qualities her son might have found out for himself that Dolly could be jolly company, even if she was "good."

"Yes, mother," he rejoined on one of these occasions, "no doubt she's a model young lady; she'd have to be to average up the family. That brother of her's is rapid enough to bring down the balance. What he doesn't know about this little town of New York wouldn't run two lines in 'Racy Relics.'

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Sperry, thoughtfully. "Dolly never says much, but I know what a grief it is to her, and he is breaking his mother's heart."

"Joe hasn't done anything you'd call actually vicious. He's more like what the southern darkies call 'triflin'.' He has lost two positions thru having too many 'good times,' staying all night at cafes and drinking too much. He probably won't keep the one he has another month."

Mrs. Sperry shook her head sadly and looked with equal satisfaction and gratitude at her own son, who took his pleasures more sparingly, and not only kept his position in a large mercantile firm, but had just received his second advance in salary.

A short time after this young Sperry was one evening walking down "the great white way," with the rather vague intention of dropping into one of the theaters or the "movies." The dazzling electric displays lit up the gay throng of pleasure-seekers hurrying or sauntering in opposite directions. Suddenly he saw ahead of him the slender, graceful figure of a young girl exquisitely dressed in the latest mode. She turned her head to study the doorway of a building, and he discovered she was Dolly Kemper. In the moving mass of people he could not tell who was with her. He grew curious to know, for, of course, she was not alone at night in that crowd. But as he kept her in sight he saw that she was alone. He had no excuse to intrude his company upon her, but as he had no especial stopping point in view he kept on in the wake of the girl. After all, why should not any young lady be on Broadway in the evening? She was as safe there as anywhere, and probably she was on the way to visit a friend.

Sperry, feeling slightly disgusted with himself, was about to turn back, when he saw Miss Kemper go into a cafe. It was one of the "loudest" in the city. All sorts frequented the place, and any man present felt at liberty to ask any lady to dance with him. He was positively aghast at this girl going in there alone. She could not possibly know the reputation of the place. He hurried after her and reached her side before she had entered the inner door. She looked at him in a kind of annoyed surprise.

"Miss Kemper," he stammered, "will you allow me to go in with you?"

"Thank you," she answered icily, "but I am expecting to meet friends. I will not trouble you." She turned and left him standing nonplused in the lobby.

He went back to the street in an odd frame of mind. Here was the girl he had heretofore regarded as simply "good" in a surprisingly new light. He wondered if her mother knew the kind of "friends" she was going to meet in this place. He was rather sure his mother didn't. She had sent him about his business with unexpected brevity and decision. Perhaps it was curiosity, he didn't stop to analyze, but he wanted to see what would happen next and he turned and went back into the cafe with its dazzling lights, hum of voices, strident violins, smell of wine, and moving mass of dancers. He meant to watch Dolly Kemper without being observed. Finally he located her. She was dancing with a fat, bald-headed man whom he did not know, but whose face and expression he loathed. After the dance she went with a watery-eyed, loose-mouthed young man, whom Sperry mentally dubbed a "decadent," to a table, and drank wine with him.

At this stage of the proceedings her brother came up to the table, and seemed to wish to take her away. But she did not listen to him. Sperry got near enough to the table to overhear the conversation without being seen. The young man's conversation was as vacuous and decadent as his looks. Sperry wondered how she could stand it. Jack Kemper seemed to be losing his relish for the festivities, and returned again to his sister. He asked her to come and dance with him. She refused, saying:

"I'm already engaged for two more dances to—to—well I don't know his name—the fat gentleman with the bald head. And this gentleman," pointing to the man at the table, "has the next dance."

Here she made an attempt to introduce her brother, and the weak-eyed young man gave his name as Leffing. Kemper made no attempt to disguise his disgust and chagrin, but Dolly was not to be moved. She laughed loudly at her discomfited brother, and cried out: "Now run along, 'Buzzy!' Have a good time, and don't bother me!"

It was plain to Sperry that the "friends" she was going to meet were not in evidence. She had come there alone to have her own "good time," and had not expected to find her brother. As the evening wore on she danced with all kinds of men, and drank wine at the tables more often than was good for her. Sperry noticed that the costume he had thought so exquisite was, when the coat was removed, ultra freakish, even bizarre. It drew the attention of many eyes, and seemed as much out of keeping with the honest gray eyes, and the charming feminine brow and mouth as a parrot's plumage on a dove. Sperry almost laughed aloud when he thought of his mother's face could she at that moment see her model girl, Dolly Kemper. It all seemed rather unreal and uncanny to him like a queer nightmare.

Just then rather loud and excited voices broke in on his musings.

Kemper was trying to induce his sister to go home with him, and she was quite as strenuously refusing to go. He was unusually sober, and was evidently shocked, mortified, and utterly miserable over her conduct

"Come!" he urged. "It's horrible! It's disgraceful for you to be dancing with all these strange men. I don't know one of them, and you don't!"

"Well you come here night after night! Do these women know who you are? Do you know one of them?"

"That's different!"

"No it isn't!" she cried. "What's good for you is good for me!"

"Dolly!" he implored.

"Well, if it isn't good why do you go on doing it, drinking yourself into an idiot, making me miserable, breaking mother's heart? But maybe it's all right!" she laughed in a maudlin way. "I'm going on anyway, having a good time as long as you do. Come on! Have something!"

For an instant he looked utterly helpless, then his lips tightened. He caught sight of Sperry, and beckoned him to him. He went.

"Mr. Sperry," he said, "I want my sister to go home with me. Perhaps you can persuade her."

She actually went pale at sight of him. Then she said: "We won't have a scene. I'll go."

Outside Kemper caught at her arm imploringly. "Look here, sis! If you'll never go in one of those places again, I won't. I'll promise to try to be decent—to amount to something. Sperry here is a witness."

"All right, Joe, I won't—if you'll keep your promise. Do you think I enjoyed that orgy? I loathe it!"

Then it dawned upon Sperry she had done it all for a purpose. "By Jove!" he said, "You're a brick!"

Some time after this when there had come to be a very good understanding between the two, she said: "So you liked me when you saw I could be devilish."

"No," he answered, "I liked you when I saw you didn't enjoy being devilish."

Dear tactless Mrs. Sperry still fondly believes she helped to make the match.

### Canny Sandy.

SANDY had just met his girl at the end of the street, where she was waiting for him. She was looking into a confectioner's window when Sandy made his presence known by remarking:

"Weel, Jennie, what are ye gaun to have the nicht?"

She, not inclined to ask too much, replied: "Oh, I'll just tak what you'll tak, Sandy."

"Oh, then, we'll tak a walk," said Sandy as he led her away.

# Ashamed of Corns

## As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile. For people nowadays know that a corn is passé. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough, corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo?

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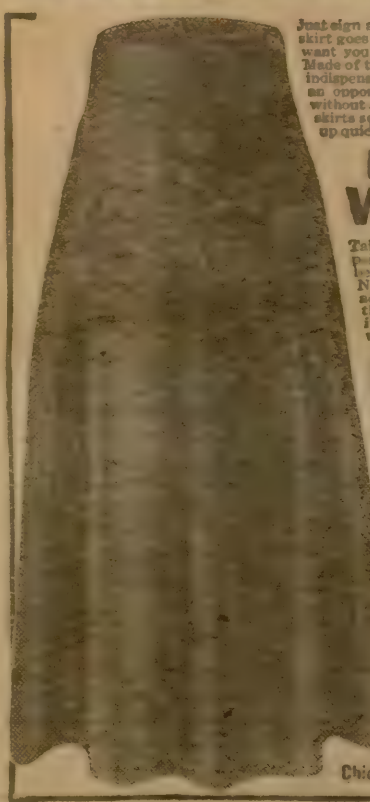

Just sign and mail the coupon and this beautiful, stylish, man tailored skirt goes to you, all charges prepaid. Not a cent to send now. We want you to see what a great bargain this is in a smart, stylish skirt. Made of this popular and always correct fabric. You know how really indispensible a serge skirt is in any woman's wardrobe—and here is an opportunity to get one at an amazing bargain price. Shipped without a cent in advance. All charges prepaid. Only one of these skirts sent to a person at this price. Bargains like this are snapped up quickly. So send at once.

## Man Tailored, Mixed Wool Serge Skirt

Tailored on smart, elegant lines. Has two pockets ending in point and set off with braid and 4 buttons down center. Tailored belt with neat, black enamel buckle ornament. All sizes. Color, Navy Blue or Black. You should not hesitate a moment in accepting this offer. Pay nothing until the skirt arrives—then only $4.50. If for any reason you are not satisfied that it is the greatest bargain of the season and just the skirt you want, return it and we will refund your money.

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While we have a large supply of these smart, man tailored serge skirts, this offer is so alluring that thousands will quickly respond. So send your request now. Be sure to give size and color wanted. Mail the coupon today. Send no money.

Leonard-Morton & Co.
Dept. 1425
Chicago, Ill.

Leonard-Morton & Co.
Dept. 1425 Chicago, Ill.

Send the mixed wool serge skirt prepaid. On arrival, I will pay $4.50, and examine it carefully. If I am not satisfied will send it back and you will refund my money.

Color.....

Waist..... Length.....

Name.....

Address.....

# It Was a Waste of Energy

Wife wanted something done, but hubby believed he could talk her out of it. Other husbands who have tried the same thing will be interested in this.

"IT'S cool tonight, isn't it?" shivered the man's wife after dinner.

The man turned a stern eye upon her.

"That will be about all, Hermione," he said. "I know what that cute little casual remark of yours is going to lead up to! Next you will say that summer is almost over, isn't it, and that it does seem kind of cozy to sit in the house, especially if we have a blazing grate fire—and, oh, Harold, won't you run downstairs and get some stuff and build a fire? Just a little fire, not a big one!

"Am I not right? Of course I am, and well may you hang your head in shame, woman! I've built so many grate fires that I'm ashamed to look a stick of kindling in the face, and the time has come in my life when I have squirmed around and turned! I'll go without a fur-lined ulster and cream in my coffee if I have to, but I'll hire a slave to build fires hereafter.

"All you need to do will be to press a button with your lily white finger and a giant Moor in a red fez will slide in and knock the floor three times with his forehead and you can remark to him in a low, languid voice, 'Build a grate fire, Abdul, and hasten!' And while Abdul hastens I'll be able to hold up my head with other men!

"Do you remember," continued the man, "the time the president of the bank was dining here and I was, therefore, helpless? You turned your false smile upon me and suggested that it would be perfectly lovely if I'd fix up a grate fire. Do you mean to say you've forgotten that awful occasion? Of course I said, 'Yes, darling, gladly!' and hiked to the cellar. Three steps from the bottom stair I placed my foot upon an empty milk bottle and arrived at my destination somewhat more swiftly than was at all necessary! On the way I caught my extended toe between the spokes of the railing and swung around so that my head cracked against the wall as I landed and I dreamed for a month I was in a diamond mine gathering diamond stars! You and the bank president were sitting peacefully above gazing into each other's eyes and saying that the opera was not going to be as good this winter!

"Then I arose and walked ten miles thru the dark to the rear of the basement, where you had hidden the kindling, because I had forgotten to bring any matches to light the gas down there. On the way I fell over tin washboilers to the detriment of my patent leather pumps and the bridge of my nose, and I engaged in a wrestling match with a husky mop. When I grabbed it I certainly thought the burglar had a fine crop of thick whiskers!

"I negotiated three scuttles of ashes that the furnace had not taken out and I think I was clever, in the dark as it was, to get the ashes distributed so impartially over my evening clothes! Of course, you never remarked on the fact, but then, I am used to doing without praise from you always! When I reached the kindling wood all the nails in it pointed my way and then I found the furnace man had not split it up as I had ordered and I tried to split it in the dark. I hated to go way back upstairs and interrupt your tete-a-tete, you see, asking for matches.

"The first swipe I made with my hatchet I escaped cutting off my right large toe by nothing less than a miracle, but I neatly decapitated the toe of my shoe! At the next the head of the hatchet flew off and landed in something that cracked into a million pieces, while I fell backward into the world's reserve supply of clothespins! I tell you I was extracting clothespins from my ears for weeks after!

"You and the bank president had just arrived then at the heated point in your discussion as to whether the Turks or the Americans made the better coffee. I finally grabbed an armful of lumber that moulted splinters all over me and was full of spiders. If you never had a spider chase itself over your anatomy when it is dark and you couldn't grab it there is no use stopping to tell you of my sensations.

"I spilled the kindling into a laundry tub and left it there while I tried to get a basket of cannel coal. I got most of the coal on my immaculate cuffs, by the way, but that didn't bother you! At that time you were telling the bank president what a winning smile he had!

"When I finally surrounded all my plunder and staggered up the basement stairs I thought my troubles were over—but no! Gracefully entering the living-room, looking like a laden pack-mule, I had to trip over the edge of the rug and plunged head foremost into the center of the situation, nearly braining the bank president with a lump of coal—and the next day he refused a necessary loan to our firm and nearly plunged me into bankruptcy! I merely call these past facts to your attention——"

"If you are all thru," said the man's wife, "will you please build a fire?"

"Oh, doggone it, I suppose so!" sighed the man.

* * *

## When Wife's Away.

"IF YOU'RE going away, Mrs. Kimmer," said the janitor's wife, "you ought to make arrangements to keep your husband happy while he's by his lonesome. You left orders with us how to feed the cat and water the goldfish when they need it, but you just turn your poor husband loose on the world.

"It don't seem right; and it's dangerous, besides. He's only human, you know, and if he gets kind of spells of lonesomeness it's hard to tell what's going to happen.

"Take the case of Mr. McMix, on the fourth. His wife went and left him without giving nobody directions how they should look after him. And do you know what happened?

"The second evening he came home to that empty flat with the hollow sound in it and it got him. He's kind of sentimental anyway, so I guess that's the reason. He walked the floor, he told us afterward, until he was almost woozy.

"Then down he comes to our flat and asks Oswald to step aside, as he had a few words to say. He tells my man he's so sad he wants him to go out for a ride in their machine. He wants, he says, to get out in a summer garden under the trees at a table where it's cool and comfortable.

"Can you beat that idea from a man that never had a wish for anything but his slippers of an evening in his whole married life? Oswald asked me how I liked the idea of him going out for the evening. I said yes, because the McMix family was always nice to me, and besides I was afraid McMix looked like he was going to lose his mind.

"Well, they left and I set up and 12 o'clock came with no signs of either. Imagine my Oswald out at that hour, when he has to be up with his fires started in the hot water heaters by 4 a. m. It was something odd, believe me.

"One and 2 passed the same as 12. I was just dozing off when I heard distant singing coming nearer. Then the machine pulled up, drove by a park policeman, and he convoyed them in with the news that they were going fifty miles an hour while practicing a duet together thru the park.

"If I was another woman I would 'a' got angry, but I couldn't, because I give Oswald lief to go out and it wasn't Mr. McMix's fault, either. His wife left him unprotected and it was just what could be expected. When I go away on my vacation I'll have him placed with friends to look after him the same as I do with our pup and the parrot."

* * *

## Playing Safe.

A NICE old lady who was sitting on the porch of a summer hotel where also there were a number of youngsters was approached by one of them with this query:

"Can you crack nuts?"

The old lady smiled and said, "No, my dear, I can't. I lost all my teeth years ago."

"Then," said the boy, extending two hands full of walnuts, "please hold these while I go and get some more."


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This Coupon Saves You $51

# BLACK DOE

By H. H. Egbert

[Copyright.]

PERHAPS Dunn should never have joined the Northwestern mounted police, for of all types of men who are out of their element there, the moody, introspective, unaggressive man comes easily first. But Dunn had had a hankering after the military life when he went out to Calgary two years before.

Now he was in for several years, and cursing his luck daily. What he liked best was the lonely patrols up in the Big Lake country.

He had met Marie Dufour there, the daughter of an old trapper who had retired, like his fur-bearing beasts, before the march of civilization. He had seen her three times during the past two years, and it had been understood that when he became a corporal he was to speak to her father.

But the coveted stripes would never be his so long as Sergeant Mitchell remained in the squadron. A hard-featured, service-bitten man, Mitchell made Dunn's life wretched. He inspected his uniform with an eagle eye that discovered the smallest speck or flaw; he hauled him before his officers on trivial charges; in short, he did his best to break Dunn or force him out of the service.

It was a long time before Dunn discovered that Mitchell had met Marie in the Big Lake country the year before and coveted her beauty. When Dunn understood this he privately resolved that some day he would even up the score between them. For the present he remained quietly in barracks, doing his duty and suffering under Mitchell's ill-treatment.

The quiet life was interrupted by one of those periodical excitements that descend upon the barracks. Black Doe, in a state of drunkenness, had shot a police officer at Neverport, and was making for the Big Lake country. Mitchell was ordered to take two troopers and get him.

It was a journey of two hundred miles, in the slushy period of spring. But the police never postpone their vengeance when they can avoid it, and never abandon it.

Dunn could not imagine what it was that impelled Mitchell to select him along with Crum. Perhaps Mitchell wished to see the man he most hated in Marie's presence, so as to be more sure of his bearings. Whaever the motive, he selected Dunn, and he gibed at him all the way.

He found fault with him during the long and painful day marches, with his equipment, his care of his horse, his manner of riding. He detailed him on one-man fatigues in the daytime, and gave him all the difficult work. Dunn's rage smoldered, but the idea in the back of his mind that he would get even with Mitchell hardly assumed any tangible form.

In due course they reached the store at Big Lake. Their visit was a complete surprise. Black Doe had been seen in the neighborhood, and evidently was off his guard. Mitchell ascertained that he had made no purchases, without which it would be impossible for him to continue on his way northward into the barrens.

"We'll spend the night at Johnny Dufour's," he said to Crum, as the three rode away toward the shack.

Dunn's heart sank when he offsaddled. Marie was already in the doorway to greet the visitors, and her eyes wandered with wonder from Dunn's face to Mitchell's.

"Take my horse to the stables!" commanded Mitchell curtly. "And, say! Take Crum's, too. And see that they're well groomed before you come in to supper."

Dunn went away obediently, riding his horse and leading the two others. Now he began to understand, he thought, the reason why Mitchell had selected him. He wanted to humiliate him in the eyes of the girl.

At supper Mitchell kept up a crossfire of chaff, banter, and spitefulness, directed at Dunn. Dunn's acquiescence seemed to enrage him. He would have welcomed a chance either for a brawl or for punishment for insubordination; but Dunn only sat silently, watching Marie furtively, while the sergeant's eyes were alight with triumph. He felt that he had won, had shown Marie his superiority over Dunn.

They retired to their bunks. They were to start up the trail at daybreak, on the quest for Black Doe. Dunn slept fitfully; he was thinking of Marie, and his heart was full of passionate resentment.

He was the first up, and went to groom the horses. As he came back to the shack he heard Mitchell's voice

"You Were in the Nick of Time."

and the girl's behind the open door. Mitchell had his arm round her waist and was drawing her toward him. Crum was nowhere in sight.

Then Dunn knew what he meant to do. He crept back very softly to the stable and loaded his rifle. He took it in his arms, carrying it as a mother might her first born, and approached the door again.

Mitchell held the girl in his arms now, and she was struggling as he tried to kiss her. Dunn, aiming deliberately, was conscious of the open door at the back of the shack, and a clump of dwarf fir about a hundred yards distant. Then he concentrated his attention upon Mitchell. Carefully he drew a bead on him so as to avoid hitting the girl.

Bang!

Mitchell leaped into the air, flung out his arms, and pitched head foremost. Dunn stepped into the shack. There was no need to look more than once at the dead face, or the blood oozing from the heart.

Marie ran to Dunn, sobbing wildly. "You did right, the beast!" she cried.

"Come with me," said Dunn.

They raced to the stables, and in a moment he had freed the horses, saddled them, and placed her on the sergeant's. In another moment they were galloping across the barrens. At the time Dunn was wondering where old Dufour and Crum were. But a moment later they heard shouts behind them. They galloped frantically forward, anywhere, so long as they could win freedom.

Crum was a man of resolution, and Dunn knew that he would take up the chase and never leave it. He reckoned on the fact that Crum's horse was the slowest of the three. The freshly falling snow would hide their tracks if they could win the country across the river bed, where a series of hummocks swelled into the Big Lake mountains.

Far behind him Dunn heard a shout. He turned and looked back as he rode. Crum was standing at the door of the stable, waving his arms to him.

A few minutes later Dunn, looking back, saw Crum mounted and in pursuit of them, a tiny figure upon a tiny horse. They rode madly for the dip toward the river.

"We must be careful," said Marie, as they began the descent. "The rocks are dangerous."

Even as she spoke her horse tripped on a projecting bowlder, stumbled, and flung her face downward upon the hard bed of the frozen stream. Dunn leaped from his horse and kneeled beside her. She had been stunned by the fall; she opened her eyes and looked about her half-conscious.

The horse scrambled to its feet, ran up the bank and raced back toward the stable, followed by Dunn's horse. And Dunn, kneeling at Marie's side, knew that chance had settled his particular problem. And in the distance Crum came on inexorably.

Dunn shrugged his shoulders as one who has played his last card. He carried the girl up to the top of the bank and waited for Crum, who came galloping up on his blown horse. He flung himself to his feet, panting, like his steed.

"What's the matter with you, to play this crazy trick after killing him?" he shouted.

Dunn smiled. "I guess you're right, Crum," he said. "Take the girl on your saddle; I'll walk. You can trust me."

Crum, staring at him in apparent perplexity, lifted Marie to the saddle before him. She had fallen into a swoon again. Then he rode slowly back toward the cabin, with Dunn walking a little distance in front of him.

He turned his horse away when near the stable and went toward the little patch of stunted trees that had struck upon Dunn's attention at the moment when he raised his rifle. Dunn saw the motionless body of a man lying hidden among them. It was Black Doe.

"How did you get him, Dunn?" asked Crum, dismounting and turning the body over. "See! He had just fired. You were in the nick of time."

The dead man's fingers were clutched about the trigger; the rifle had been discharged; over his heart was a bullet wound.

Dunn, unable to speak, accompanied Crum back to the shack. Mitchell lay where he had fallen, and old Dufour was muttering in the corner, as if he did not understand.

"He got poor Mitchell a second before you fired," said Crum. "Over the heart, too. See!"

Dunn looked in horror now mixed with agitation. He saw that track of the bullet thru the breast and out under the rib. The missile lay upon the floor beside the inert man. It was a battered .45, such as the Indians use. Dunn's bullet had been a .303. And it had been Black Doe whom he had killed, not Mitchell.

* * *

### Her Preference.

THE wife of a congressman had two sons who were in the habit of taking the pretty nurse maid out for a good time. The boys would not own up to it when she tried to caution them lest their father learn of the situation.

She then went to the pretty nurse and by a little finesse disarmed her of thinking she was displeased.

"Minna" she said, "which of the boys do you like to go out with best, Tom or Harry?"

"Well," said the maid, "I think I prefer Harry, but for a real good time I like your husband best."

* * *

### This Sounds Familiar.

CAPTAIN IAN HAY on one of his war lecture tours entered a barber's shop in a small town to have his hair cut.

"Stranger in the town, sir?" the barber asked.

"Yes, I am," Ian Hay replied. "Anything going on here tonight?"

"There's a war lecture by an English fighter named Hay," said the barber; "but if you go you'll have to stand, for every seat in the hall is sold out."

"Well, now," said Ian Hay, "isn't that provoking? It's always my luck to have to stand when that chap Hay lectures."

### DISTRIBUTION OF CATARRH TREATMENT FREE,—CONTINUES.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule of 306 Trade Building, Boston, is again offering Treatment for Catarrh Free to Boyce's weeklies' readers, because so many people have asked him to repeat the last Free offer he made a little while ago.

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# Cigarette Habit

## How to Overcome It Quickly and Easily

**Unless** you have been exceptionally careful the cigarette habit has a hold which you cannot shake off by will power.

**The lure of the cigarette** is powerful Is it the nicotine that is poisoning your system, making you nervous, **heart weak,** dyspeptic, eye strained and **irritable?**

**Are you troubled with sleeplessness** at night and dullness in the morning until you have doped yourself with the nicotine of cigarettes or **pipe, or chewing** tobacco? They're all the same, you know.

**Give your poison-saturated body,** from your pale yellowish skin right into your pale yellowish liver, a chance to be free from the mean slavery of nicotine.

**Get rid of the vicious habit. Lengthen your life.** Become contented and spread happiness among others. Enjoy tranquility combined with forceful thought and real efficiency.

**I know what will conquer** the tobacco habit in three days. You gain the victory completely and privately at home.

**My new book** will be very interesting to you. It will come to you in a plain wrapper, **free,** postpaid. Write to **Edward J. Woods, TA-178, Station F, New York, N. Y.** You will be surprised and delighted.

# Free Surprise Present for Solving This Puzzle

The picture herewith shows five squares. The number in each square represents a letter in the alphabet. Spelled out, these letters spell the name of a great publishing company. Can you guess it?

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| 2 | 15 | 25 | 3 | 5 |

Try it. It will pay you. Write the five letters, cut out this advertisement and mail it to us, and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc. We will then send you a beautiful free surprise present which you will like.

## AUTOMOBILE GIVEN AWAY

We will also make you a present of a Certificate of Entry for 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are going to give away free.

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You can also win an automobile in addition to splendid prizes, such as watches, cameras, and other things you like. We will also send you a copy of two great national publications worth ten cents. Write your name and address plainly.

Auto Puzzle Department E, W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

# For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

## Heart-shaped Pin Holder.

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THE girl who is handy can make many of these dainty small gifts and find ready sale for them at bazaars, fairs, etc., or if for her own use, her friends will appreciate a remembrance of her own handiwork, much more than something she has purchased ready made and to which she has given none of her attention and loving thoughts. The foundation for this novelty is cut from a piece of cardboard heart shaped. Of these use two pieces each 3½ inches by 3¼ inches. Enough soft satin to cover each, one-half yard of number one and one-half satin ribbon to match, and twenty white headed pins. The decorations on this model are done in water colors, a garland of roses across the top and "Here's Some Fine Points" below. If the maker is more handy with her needle than with the brush, she may substitute a dainty spray of French embroidery for the painting and outline the inscription. This need not be stamped, she can write the words with pencil and then outline them in her own handwriting, which adds another personal touch to the gift. A pretty piece of brocade silk, or an unusually attractive piece of flowered or shaded ribbon, can be used for the front and plain colored material to match for the back. In fact, one can use many of the small pieces one has about the house, or the storekeeper will always sell small lengths at a reduction. In making a number of these gifts, one cube of pins and a bolt of narrow ribbon will make fifteen holders.

## Dainty Basket Pin Cushion.

THIS dainty cushion is made on a round foundation of cardboard with the top padded heavily with cotton. The entire surface is covered with white. Long cloth or cambric will answer the purpose. Shirred white maline is used for the sides. The top is covered with embroidered net. This model is made of deep ecru net worked in fine chenille in darned stitches. The colors used are old blue, brown and two shades of green. For this work one can use any of the cross stitch patterns, using each stitch of darning as one cross stitch. Darning on net is very effective when worked in fiber silk and a few touches of gold thread. This cover could be worked on black net in white and gold and would be very attractive or the dainty colors worked on black net and mounted over white make a very agreeable combination. The edge finishing top and bottom of this cushion is a full band of gray finishing trimming. With other embroidery different shades can be used. The handle is made of heavy wire covered with white material and then wrapped with number three pink satin ribbon. The combination of colors is a matter of choice. Often one has many of these materials about the house, and the use of them will prove most gratifying. In purchasing the materials, a small quantity will make several dainty novelties.

## The Touch-stone.

THE well-dressed woman knows that it is in detail that she can prove her right to the title. Even last year's frock can be given a very up-to-the-minute air with a becoming new veil, new neck accessories or a girdle of decorative value. Any one of these aid-de-camps will work wonders in rejuvenating a costume.

Take, for instance, the girdle. The plainest of dresses becomes interesting at once when one is added. The importance of the girdle in this year's fashions was exemplified the other day in one of the new plays, in which a young actress wore the plainest dress of white crepe, which had a girdle that was turned once at the left side and the ends finished with deep silk fringe. It made the costume, and the ensemble was stunning.

## Lingerie.

THO the outer garb of women these days is expressive of simplicity and of moderation in expenditure, lingerie is finer and more exquisite than ever before. Woman's love of prettiness in clothes must have an outlet somewhere, and the outlet just now seems to be in underwear of special beauty and daintiness. The newest garments are white and pale blue, instead of pink—for pink has begun to pale a little, now that cheap nightgowns, envelope chemises and even corsets come in the once distinctive flesh pink tint. White nainsook undergarments of fairy fineness have inserts of pale blue crepe, and are trimmed with medallions and insertions of Val lace, and these new "trifles" are not only the daintiest, but also the most exclusive models of the season.

## In Fashion Land.

CAMISOLES of filet lace are among the prettiest.

The very latest tub frocks are made of calico.

Challi in small designs is much used for gowns.

The belted waists of dresses are exceedingly loose.

Many new dresses have the plain front bodice.

A rain suit is the proper raiment for a stormy day.

Blue satin is used for trimming covert cloth suits.

Many pretty dresses are made of upholstery materials.

Black taffeta is used for collars on brown woolen coats.

White lingerie dresses are trimmed with a little color.

New hat brims are longer in front than in the back.

White wash satin skirts have very full puffy pockets.

A tremendous revival of Spanish shawls has set in abroad.

The newest overblouses are almost as long as the tunic.

Waists are frequently modeled after men's evening shirts.

## Crochet Them!

EVIDENTLY some women prefer to crochet rather than to knit, if one may judge by the [illegible] and as to whether it is not possible to crochet the sweaters, caps, etc.

The "Douglas" trench cap may be just the thing that these expert crocheters are looking for.

Following are the directions for fashioning the comfy cap:

Khaki worsted knitting yarn, one skein; crochet needle No. 5. Single crochet.

Directions for single crochet:

Insert hook, draw yarn thru, pass yarn around the hook and draw it thru both loops on the hook.

Start in the center with a chain of four, join one chain, single crochet into this, increasing enough to keep it flat and continue around and around, increasing gradually until you have a perfectly flat top 6¼ inches in diameter. Then continue row after row without increasing for 4⅞ inches. The cap should then measure 8 inches from center of crown to edge of cap and about 22 inches around.

Do not break off yarn. Chain one, turn, skip one stitch and single crochet 14 inches for neckpiece, leaving 8 inches for front of cap. Then one chain, turn, skip one and crochet back and forth on the 14 inches, decreasing one stitch at first end of each row until you have eight rows, or one and a quarter inches, which completes the neckpiece. Do not break off yarn.

Ear Flaps and Tie—One chain, turn, single crochet 18 stitches, one chain, turn, skip one, single crochet 17 stitches, chain one, turn, repeat, decreasing each row until only two remain. Put needle in center and crochet a chain 8 inches long for tie. Single crochet on both sides of chain, making as strong as possible. Break off yarn and fasten well, which completes one ear flap and tie.

For second flap, start at other end of neckpiece and single crochet 18 stitches and continue directions same as first. Then single crochet all around cap for finish. A circular piece of cardboard 6¼ inches in diameter is a convenience in measuring for the perfectly flat top.

## Repairing Blankets.

IN THE days to come we may be glad to conserve the very things that we now lightly discard. For instance, blanket material is being drawn upon in enormous quantities for our soldiers and sailors. Then why should you now cast away a blanket, a quilt or a comforter that shows signs of wear?

Here's the way to save even the most worn of them for further use:

First wash the article and mend the holes or baste strong pieces over them. Then measure your old cover and buy covering enough for both sides—a bit of gay cretonne will transform the oldest blanket into a bright bedroom ornament.

When you're ready to cover it lay the article on the bottom cover on the floor, place the upper cover on top, and straighten out all wrinkles. Then with strong cotton knot thru close enough to hold the inside firm, and turn the edges in, stitching all around. Thus you can easily transform an almost "worn out" blanket into a bed covering that will be pretty and will last for years. And not only will you have saved money for yourself, but you will also have saved blanket material for the Nation.

## Garden Apron.

THE necessity of some place to put seeds when making garden gives one this idea.

Use any desired material for an apron with a plain bib to pin on dress. Make a large pocket, reaching half way up the apron and from one side to the other. Sew this into various sized pockets. An apron made of heavy cotton cloth will last for years and be greatly appreciated by the user.

## Silk Bloomers.

THE vogue for glove silk bloomers is great. The colors match the dress with which they are to be worn, as khaki when milady dons her motor togs and navy blue when she wears a suit of blue. Pink lisle envelope chemises are in the market, sometimes made with a camisole top of glove silk and lace, or again entirely of self material.

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**Only A Woman Knows A Woman's Trials and Understands Her Need of Sympathy and Help.**

That is why hundreds of women gladly testify to the value of Mrs. Summers' popular Opaline Home Treatment in relieving so much of the misery and suffering known only to womankind.

READER, if you are troubled with some of those special ailments of women—

***SEND FOR A FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT***

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**THE SUMMERS MEDICAL CO.,** Women's Dept. 105 **South Bend, Ind.**

Mrs. Summers' Remedies are sold by many Druggists.

# THE TELLTALE LETTER

## By George Elmer Cobb

[Copyright.]

"TELL her right out like a man that you love her, Hoyt."

"I can't do it."

"Why not?"

"She might think me daring. She might laugh at me. I never have a chance to be alone with her. No, I'll write."

Dale Bright placed an affectionate hand on the shoulder of his friend, Marvin Hoyt, but smiled quizzically.

"Hoyt," he said, "you're a good fellow, pure gold all the time and all the way thru. The matter is, tho, that you underestimate yourself. Miss Eva Walters is a most charming young lady, but if she turns you down it will be because she isn't worthy of you, for a more deserving fellow I don't know. Write, if you think best, only get thru with this dilly-dallying, for you're getting sallow and peaked worrying over it."

Hoyt was one of those young men having so profound a reverence for womanhood that he shrank at the thought of intruding his views upon the especial one of the sex who had won his heart. He really believed that if his suit was denied he would die forthwith of heartbreak. His shyness and, as Bright had said, his low valuation of his own merits, had kept him in the back-

Stole in and Out Among the Shrubbery.

ground with pretty Eva Walters for over a year. Now the indecision was becoming unbearable, and he determined to break the ice in some way.

So Hoyt went to his lonely room and wrote the letter that was to solve his fate. He placed it in an envelope, sealed it and at dusk started for the home of his beloved.

Hoyt entered the front yard, but hesitated. Then he summoned up his courage and advanced up the steps and onto the porch. The front door was open. Looking thru the screen he had a view of the dining-room. He recoiled as there echoed a burst of merry laughter, as he noticed three or four girl friends of Eva seated at the evening meal. That was enough for Hoyt. He was loath to face so many. He nervously drew the letter from his pocket. He pulled up the slot cover of the mail box and dropped the missive within it. Then he stole down the steps, feeling the coward, but also realizing that a long contemplated deed was over and done with.

"She'll get it in the morning at the latest," he soliloquized, as he left the place. "She'll answer tomorrow. My! It's a strain—the suspense. Wonder if I've done the right thing?"

Hoyt went home. Over and over in his mind ran all the pros and cons of the incident. He went to bed finally to go over them again with alternate fear, hope, faith, doubt, gloom, brightness. He could not sleep. His worked-up mind had lost its balance. Now its rational processes weakened. He saw in the writing of the letter an amazing piece of effrontery. He was in a wild perspiration thru anxiety. He marveled how he had ever had the audacity to leave that letter.

"I'll get it back. It's the wrong way. I've made a dreadful mistake!" he fumed and fussed, and he got up and dressed himself.

The disordered light in which Hoyt now viewed the circumstances made him eagerly anxious to recover the letter. He hurried along the silent streets, almost utterly deserted. As he neared a vacant lot next to the home of Eva he dodged from bush to bush.

As he stole in and out among the shrubbery on the side lawn of the house he stumbled over a bundle lying on the ground with a force that sent it hurtling in among some thick shrubs out of sight.

"A bundle of washing," he decided, and paid no more attention to it except to recognize that the bundle had something hard wrapped up inside of it. "Clothespins, I suppose," he soliloquized. "Now for the letter box and the letter itself. I shall feel relieved when I get it back in my possession once more. Eva would just have laughed at me. I'll stop making a ninny of myself. She'll never have me."

Hoyt ascended the steps and reached the letter box. He strove to lift its cover. It was in vain.

"Locked!" he muttered. "Letter still in? Yes. That's lucky," for, shifting the outside plate, he could see a white object beyond. "Well, I've just got to get back that letter! My combination tool knife—it's all right," and he drew the article from his pocket and opened its screwdriver blade.

"There's no other way," decided Hoyt, and he proceeded to unscrew top and bottom fastenings of the letter box. He would have to carry it away with him to break it open, but in his present desperate mood he heeded no destruction.

The box rattled as he stole down the steps. Hoyt uttered a low chuckle of exultation. Then suddenly two figures dashed from the shadows.

"He's a daring fellow, coming back a second time," spoke a gruff voice; "but we've got him!"

"Here, unhand me!" ordered Hoyt, struggling in the firm grip of two pairs of stout hands.

"You keep quiet, or I'll give you a stunner!" growled the other of his captors. "Jim, ring the bell and tell Mr. Walters we've found one of the burglars."

"Burglar? I'm no burglar!" shouted Hoyt. "What does all this mean?"

"What does that mean?" demanded his captor, kicking aside the mail box which Hoyt had dropped.

His comrade had rung the bell. In a few minutes Mr. Walters came to the door, his wife behind him, Eva a shrinking third, all in attire hurriedly donned.

"Mr. Walters," the man said, "we haven't got a clew to the men who broke in here nor the stuff they took, but we just got this fellow on the porch there, stealing your letter box; see!"

"Why!" exclaimed Eva as the porch light was turned on, "it's Mr. Hoyt!"

"I declare!" exclaimed the astounded Mrs. Walters.

Just then Hoyt began to gather his wits, recognizing the two men as village officers. There had been a burglary earlier in the evening, it seemed, and he had come around at a moment when the officers were prowling in the vicinity.

"Why, here's a mystery," observed Mr. Walters, picking up the mail box. "I don't understand why Mr. Hoyt should steal a mail box. Ah, there's a letter in it."

"Yes, sir. It's mine. I—I left it by mistake, sir. Please restore it to me!"

"Left a letter?" echoed pretty Eva, coming forward.

"By mistake. It was one I wrote in an all-advised moment. Regret. Kindly restore it. About the burglars—I just kicked some kind of a bundle in among the shrubbery yonder. Maybe the burglar dropped it."

"Why, look here!" cried one of the officers, securing the bundle and opening it. "A fur cape, some jewelry, some silver."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Walters. "Those are the things we most cared for."

"But the letter?" insisted the pertinacious Eva.

"I wrote it," admitted Hoyt, with reluctance.

"To whom?" challenged persistent Eva.

"To you, Miss Walters. Thank you, sir," as Mr. Walters, unlocking the box, extended the letter.

"No," demurred Eva, "it's mine. See: 'Miss Eva Walters.'"

"You'll—you'll dislike me if you read it!" groaned Hoyt.

"How do you know that, sir?" demanded Eva.

Just then the embarrassed Hoyt ended the comedy of the night by retiring from the scene. He felt cheap, beaten, ridiculous, but the next day he received a dainty note from Eva which read:

"Mother wishes you to come to the house so she may thank you for your share in the recovery of her stolen treasures."

And when he went, Hoyt received an answer to his letter from the sweet lips of Eva that set his heart beating with delirious joy.

* * *

**An Economical Man.**

"You say you've worn this hat for two years."

"Yes, sir; and it looks all right still. Twice I've had it cleaned, and once I exchanged it in a restaurant for one that was entirely new."


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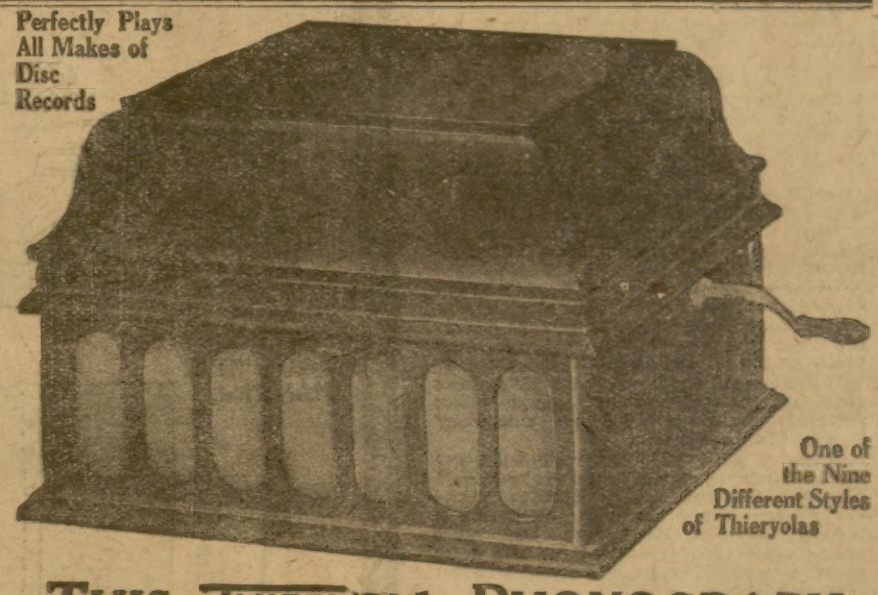


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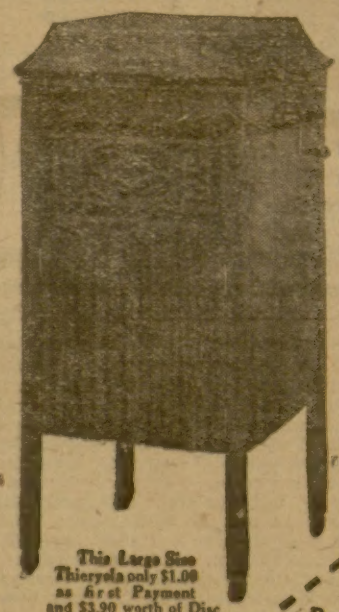

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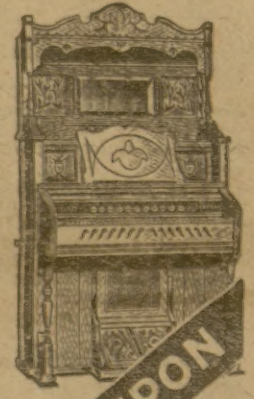

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## All About the Lieutenant.

"MOTHER," began Susan, looking as unconcerned as possible, "you know Lieutenant Hoyt is coming to dinner tomorrow evening."

"Yes, dear, I remember," replied her mother, glancing up from her knitting.

"Of course, I knew you would," said Susan. "But, oh, mother, by the way, will you tell Evangeline not to hum as she clears the table when Lieutenant Hoyt is here?"

"Does Evangeline hum?" inquired her mother in mild surprise. "I had never noticed it."

"Oh, mother!" sighed Susan. "Lieutenant Hoyt would certainly notice it, and just imagine what he'd think of a family who keeps a maid that hums at the table. I'd be embarrassed to death!"

"Very well, Susan," said her mother. "I shall give Evangeline her instructions, altho she will probably resent it."

"But Lieutenant Hoyt's feelings are surely more important than Evangeline's," protested Susan.

"Who is this Lieutenant Hoyt?" interrupted the father of the family, laying down his newspaper. "Can it be possible that you mean Freddy Hoyt, that freckled kid who used to live next door?"

"Lieutenant Hoyt used to live next door, but he isn't freckled, and he looks perfectly handsome in his uniform," flashed his daughter.

"I remember Freddy Hoyt when he was a youngster who used to pull your curls," continued Susan's father, despite warning glances from his wife. "He was a terror. Freddy Hoyt got the most memorable chastisement of his life from me the time he broke our front window with a baseball."

"Father," protested Susan, "how can you talk about Lieutenant Hoyt in that dreadful way? Why, he's one of the bravest and most patriotic men in the world! Don't you realize that you ought to speak with more respect?"

"Susan, dear"—her mother changed the subject—"do you think you'd prefer ice cream or strawberry shortcake tomorrow night?"

"Fred—er—Lieutenant Hoyt is awfully fond of shortcake. Still——"

"Aw, ma, can't we have both?" asked a new voice, from the depths of the couch, where Susan's small brother had been engrossed in the sixth volume of "The Boy Aviator" series.

"And, oh, mother, please see that Clarence washes his face and hands tomorrow before dinner," pleaded Susan.

"Huh!" said Clarence. "You needn't pick on me all the time."

"Clarence!" said his mother.

"If you let that awful boy come to the table tomorrow night he'll disgrace us all. Why, mother, I know Lieutenant Hoyt will think he didn't have any bringing up at all."

"What shall you wear, Susan?" asked her mother.

"I shall simply have to get a new waist tomorrow," Susan answered with the air of one who is merely doing her duty.

"A new waist?" said the father of the family, laying down the pink sheet. "It seems to me that I just now finished settling the bills for several new waists."

Susan shot him a look of pained surprise.

"Lieutenant Hoyt has seen my gray georgette a dozen times," she explained. "And I've worn my blue serge every day for months. My foulard is too dressed up, and I wore my green jersey to the dance at the armory when Lieutenant Hoyt was here last month. Anybody could see that I absolutely need a new waist."

"Your logic is flawless, my dear," her father admitted. "But spare a few dollars to pay the rent, will you, please?"

"Lieutenant Hoyt said that he——" began his daughter.

"Special delivery letter for Miss Susan," announced Evangeline.

"What is it, Susan? What is it?" asked an anxious chorus as she tore it open.

Susan raised tragic eyes.

"Lieutenant Hoyt can't come tomorrow," she said dolefully. "His furlough has been postponed!"

"Gee," exclaimed her small brother. "There goes my chance at getting two kinds of dessert."

* * *

## On Keeping Young.

"YOUR Cousin Nell was here today," said his wife to the contractor's foreman. "She waited for ye an' so did the supper."

"I'm glad the supper's here," said the contractor's foreman.

"'Tis ashamed av yerself ye should be, an' Nellie sich a gran' character."

"Nell would be all right if she'd look at the calendar once in a while."

"The calendar?"

"Nell b'laves she's still only 16. This very day I was walkin' along the sthreet an' saw a young gurrul that was attractin' the attention av all the young fellers. Something about her rayminded me av some one I knew, so I hurried up. Her back view was very fascinatin'. She's a young gurrul av 20, I thought, but whin I saw her face I found out I was only 50 per cint right, for the mysterious female was Cousin Nell."

"Ye mean to say that a woman is as ould as she looks an' a man as young as he feels? A man av 70 will say: 'Judgin' be me feelin's I'm only 20.' Thin he'll say to his wife: 'Where's the liniment for me rheumatism?' Ye min like to fool yerselves. Ye'll have yer tailors pad the shoulders av yer coats so's to take the hump out av yer back in an indivor to daysaive the public. Ould min will bull con other ould min be tellin' thim they look 20 years younger nor they are. An' that line av talk is aisier to swallow than castor ile, bekase a man doesn't have to care how he looks, it's only how he feels.

"But whin women try to make thimselves look attractive ye min whose faces have a map av time's railroad printed on them daycry the women who thry to accintuate the physical charms nature has granted thim.

"Ye'd have one rule for a man, another for a woman. If it was in yer power ye'd want women to wear shtripes on their coat sleeves bethraying their age, one sthripe for ivry tin years. Do ye suppose that a woman, whin she's a few years beyond 20, doesn't want to consarve her good looks?

"Glory be, we women are goin' to accept yer axiom, a woman is as young as she looks."

"Darlint," said the contractor's foreman, "ye don't nade anything to praysarve yer youth. Ye'r as youthful and lovely as ye were the first time I was late to me supper."

"Your steak is gettin' cold," said the contractor's foreman's wife.

* * *

### THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

A suffragette may fight and fight,
And still look under the bed at night.

## CUTOUT OF AN ARMORED MOTOR CAR

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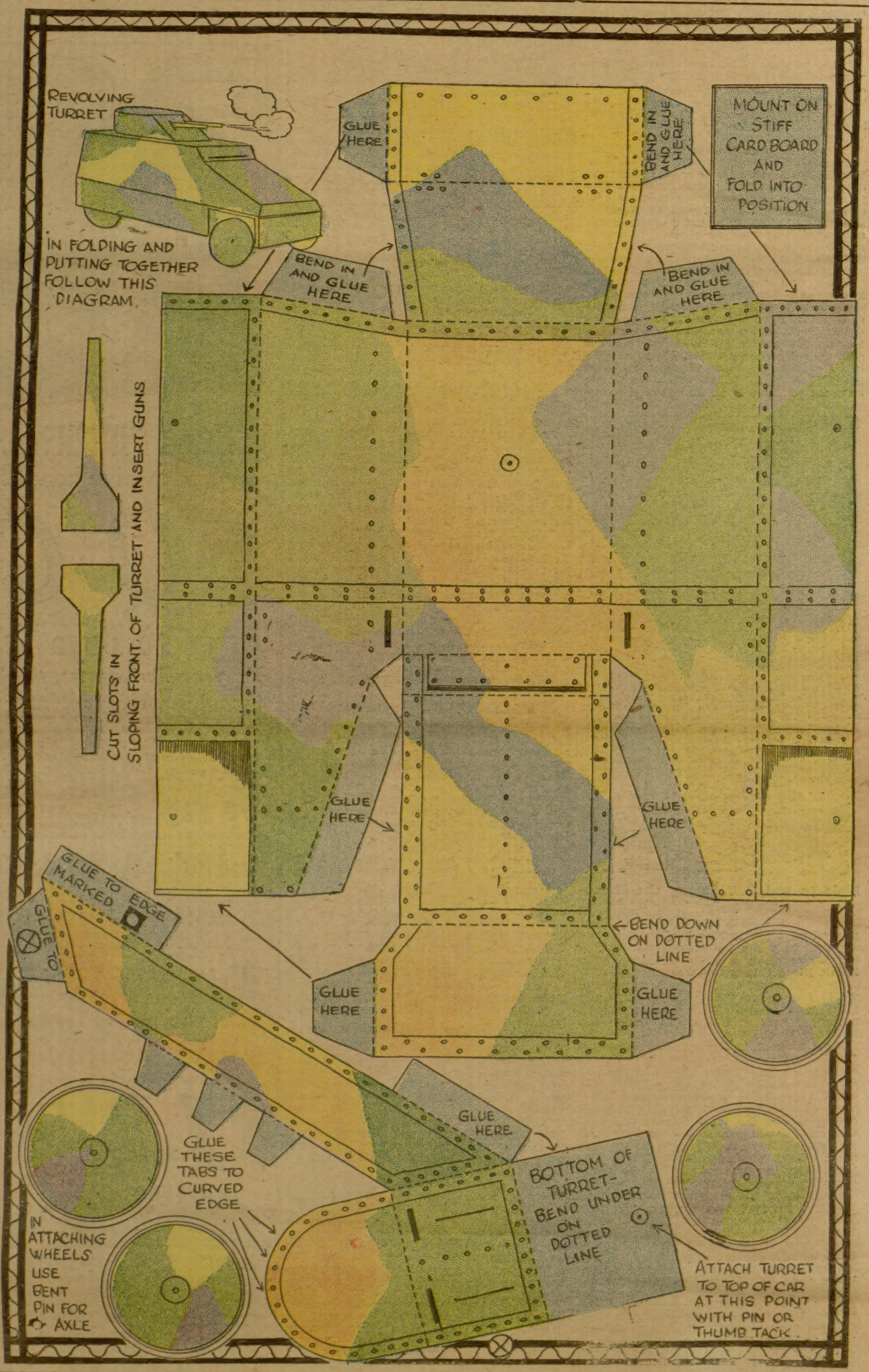

REVOLVING TURRET
GLUE HERE
BEND IN AND GLUE HERE
MOUNT ON STIFF CARDBOARD AND FOLD INTO POSITION
IN FOLDING AND PUTTING TOGETHER FOLLOW THIS DIAGRAM.
BEND IN AND GLUE HERE
BEND IN AND GLUE HERE
CUT SLOTS IN SLOPING FRONT OF TURRET AND INSERT GUNS
GLUE HERE
GLUE HERE
GLUE TO EDGE MARKED
GLUE TO
BEND DOWN ON DOTTED LINE
GLUE HERE
GLUE HERE
GLUE HERE
GLUE THESE TABS TO CURVED EDGE
BOTTOM OF TURRET- BEND UNDER ON DOTTED LINE
IN ATTACHING WHEELS USE BENT PIN FOR AXLE
ATTACH TURRET TO TOP OF CAR AT THIS POINT WITH PIN OR THUMB TACK

## Marching On.

"HERE is a book that was considered important five years ago," said the bookseller, pointing to a dusty volume, "and people were buying it eagerly. Then came the war and the sale stopped. The things it treats of no longer interest the multitudes. The world is marching on, and yesterday's idols are forgotten, and the dead must bury their dead."

"It is impossible for any man to distinguish the important from the unimportant in things around him," observed the librarian. "Only Father Time has the balances that will weigh things properly.

"Every now and then I read Macaulay's essays because I consider them the best examples of forceful English anywhere. His political essays are worth reading only because of their magnificent style, for the vital things they treated of are forgotten. How important and epoch making those issues must have seemed in his time! Now they seem as important as the adventures of Sindbad the sailor.

"Macaulay's essays on literary topics are my favorite reading. Age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety. In his day there was a poet, Montgomery, who was all the rage. England had gone daffy over him, altho his poetry was full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Even so great and clear sighted a man as Macaulay couldn't see that the popularity of such a bard was bound to be transient. He was genuinely alarmed over the influence Montgomery had gained. So he sat down and wrote the grandest roast ever penned in any language. We speak glibly of taking a man's hide off and nailing it to the barn door, but we don't know what such a process means until we have read that Montgomery roast, and read it again and again.

"It was killing a mosquito with an elephant gun, and now it seems rather ridiculous, because Montgomery is so extremely dead that few people now on earth ever heard of his poetry. But the incident shows how even the finest intellects are fooled in their estimate of the important.

"Pope's 'Dunciad' is admittedly the greatest satire in our language, and there is an endless pleasure in reading it because of its wonderful quality; but it is another case of hunting gnats with howitzers. The modern editions of the poem have copious notes explaining who Pope's victims were. They are so entirely forgotten that we couldn't understand the satire without such information. Pope considered them important enough to merit his broadsides.

"It has always been that way. The writings of Josephus, which have been most useful to later generations, contain a vast amount of information about people who seemed important to him, altho the grass they cut was withered and blown away nearly 2,000 years ago. But the greatest character the world ever knew, the founder of our religion, only receives a few passing paragraphs from that distinguished historian.

"We can look backward and size up important men and things, but we can't look around us and do it."

### Had the Upper Hand.

"HAVING any more trouble with that Flossie Fluffkins?"

"No," replied the manager. "I contrived to get hold of a photograph of her son, who is now 26 years old, and the last time she got huffy I threatened to show it to a newspaper man."

### An Old Hand.

AFTER two months at Rockford, Private Nelson got his leave at last, and made what he conceived to be the best use of his holiday by getting married.

On the journey back to the station he gave the gateman his marriage certificate in mistake for his return railway ticket.

The official studied it carefully, and then said:

"Yes, my boy, you've got a ticket for a long, wearisome journey, but not on this road."

### Not So Easy.

"MARRY money, my boy, marry money."

"Um?"

"It's just as easy to love a rich girl as a poor girl."

"But it isn't as easy to get 'em to marry you, old top."

# Classified Want Ads

## Classified Want Ad Information

If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY - - - - Publisher

### AGENTS WANTED

**I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT** as my agents and take orders for Comer raincoats. I paid Eli Bridge $88.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $5.98. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-124, Dayton, Ohio.

**SALESMEN AND AGENTS—BE INDEPENDENT**—make money, build a business of your own; we want men and women with automobile or rig preferred, to handle the Eltinolen phonograph in town and country, from house to house; it's a winner; sells at half the price of others; looks, plays and sounds just as good; plays all records without extra attachment; show it—play it—sell it; hundreds of others are doing it; easy profits of $60 to $100 a week; real workers make much more; write quick and get good territory. Charles H. Elting & Co., 1516 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**TAKE ORDERS UNDER THE "MADISON** System" selling greatest cutlery bargain ever offered. Valuable premium to your customers. We make all deliveries to your customers sending you commission check every Saturday. No money required. $1,000 in prizes to our agents in addition to regular commissions. Cascade Merchandise Corporation, 873 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington.

**AGENTS—BIG SUMMER SELLER.** Something new; concentrated soft drinks. Just add water; delicious drinks in a jiffy—anytime, anywhere. Big sellers for home, picnic parties, socials, etc. Guaranted under Pure Food Laws. Carry in pocket. Agents coining money—$6 to $12 a day. Write for free outfit offer today. American Products Co., 6754 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

**AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED** 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

**AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS!** Outfit free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. HA, 425 Broadway, New York.

**AGENTS—A NEW ONE: HARPER'S FIBRE** Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set Combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dep't. B, Fairfield, Ia.

**AGENTS $40 A WEEK SELLING GUARAN**teed hosiery. For men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2211 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

**WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR**—Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

**$10 TO $15 PER DAY HANDLING NEW** household articles. Big war time sellers. Outfit free. Territory going fast. Write quick. Dept. W. 56, Duo Co., Attica, N. Y.

**AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME** that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

**AGENTS—WATER-PROOF KITCHEN AP**ron. Every housewife buys. Dainty, durable, economical, acid-proof, grease-proof. Sample free. Thomas Co., 2111 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

**YOU CAN MAKE GOOD, DURABLE PAINTS** and varnish 15c gallon. Emmelmann Bros. Mfg. Co., Dept. K, Indianapolis, Ind.

### HELP WANTED

**WANTED IMMEDIATELY—U. S. GOVERN**ment wants thousands men—women, 18 or over for war positions. Easy clerical work. $100 month. List positions open free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 27, Rochester, N. Y.

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

### MALE HELP WANTED

**MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN**necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

### MALE HELP—(Continued)

**FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN,** 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

**WANTED MEN. BECOME EXPERT CHAUF**feurs, auto repairmen. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 824, Rochester, N. Y.

**GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THOR**ough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

**BECOME DETECTIVES—BIG PAY; EASY** work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

**BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR**tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

### FEMALE HELP WANTED

**WANTED, TEN BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES** to travel, demonstrate and sell well known goods to established dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week; railroad fare paid; weekly advance for traveling expenses. Address at once, Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 35, Omaha, Nebr.

**WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE**paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

**WOMEN—START DRESSMAKING-DESIGN**ing business in your homes. Earn $100 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 854, Rochester, N. Y.

**GIRLS—WOMEN WANTED. GOVERNMENT** war positions. $100 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 29, Rochester, N. Y.

### PATENTS

**YOUR IDEA WANTED. PATENT YOUR IN**vention. I'll help you market it. Send for 4 free books, list of patent buyers, hundreds of ideas wanted, etc. Advice free. Highest references. Patents advertised free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 22 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

**WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK** of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

**MILLIONS SPENT ANNUALLY FOR IDEAS!** Hundreds now wanted! Patent yours and profit! Write today for free books—tell how to protect yourself, how to invent, ideas wanted, how we help you sell, etc. 295 Patent Dept., American Industries, Inc., Washington, D. C.

**"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES"** is a 72-page treatise telling what to invent and where to sell it. Manufacturers constantly writing for patents. Help supply the demand. Books free. H. S. Hill, 933 McLachlen Building, Washington, D. C.

**INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY** bring wealth. Send postal for free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

**PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED** promptly. 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**PRODUCING OIL COMPANY NOW ON PAY**ing basis offers investors an opportunity to join successful oil operators and business men of the highest standing in operating valuable oil leases. One producing well in heart of rich Goose Creek fields; another drilling on same lease almost completed. More than 100 acres controlled in other oil fields. Until next well comes in you can buy shares at $15 a share, cash or liberal payment terms. Capital $500,000. Write today for references, illustrated prospectus and maps of oil fields, free. Imperial Petroleum Company, 228 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

**$2 PAYS FOR 100 SHARES BY RETURN** mail, and also holds for 30 days 1,000 shares of Money-Back Oil Company (at present price), now drilling in Wyoming, on 16-well joint producing and refining agreement. Three producing wells guaranteed under money-back guarantee, issued by two national and two state banks. Money-Back Oil Co., 399 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo. Agents wanted.

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

**INVESTIGATE US—THATS ALL WE ASK;** then invest $1.00 few months, get Warranty Deed to land that may pay $200 monthly in oil profits. Write today. Free Maps. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 566 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

**LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE,** Small investments making millionaires. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

### ROOTS, HERBS, ETC.

**CASH PAID FOR MEDICINAL ROOTS,** barks, herbs, etc. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grand Co., Logan Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

### FARMS FOR SALE

**POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5 DOWN, $5** monthly, buys 40 acres productive land, near town; some timber. Price $200.00, $10 monthly buys 80 acres. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

### SHORT STORIES WANTED

**WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS,** etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

### MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

**LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS** business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

**$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY.** COMplete moving picture outfit; machines, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1-A., 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**WHOLE TOMATOES KEPT A YEAR (COST** 3c bushel); no cooking or canning; recipe 25c. Z. Hurt, Alta Loma, Texas.

### TOBACCO HABIT

**TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR** no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

### UNDERGROUND TREASURES

**UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND** where to find them. Particulars for stamp. Bee Company, Kansas City, Missouri.

### MEDICAL

**TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN.** If you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, blood, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyers, 814 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

### PERSONAL

**SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK,** run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

**MEN:—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO** restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

**MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO**ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

**MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER** we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 32 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

**A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAL**ist, brings his serial No. 1 on varicocele, stricture & urinary diseases; every man should have it. Postage 4c. Send to day. Dr. Rowe, 112 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**MARRY AT ONCE, WE PUT YOU IN COR**respondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

**OLD FALSE TEETH BOUGHT FOR CASH.** Up to $30. Gold, silver, platinum; gold watches, jewelry, diamonds also wanted. Cash by return mail—subject to your approval. National Refining Co., Desk 2, Spencer, Nebraska.

**ARE YOU LONELY? GET MARRIED. NEW** system, legitimately run; best results from our directory. Directory and addresses, 25 cents in silver. Correspondent Directory, Box 186, Oxford, Ind.

**SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES,** Egyptian Secrets and many other rare books. Catalog free. Star Book Co., S 201 Camden, New Jersey.

**"KAISER BILL'S LAST WILL AND TESTA**ment." The biggest hit since the war. Send ten cents (silver) today. Walter Overton, Oelwein, Iowa.

**BACKACHE, SWEATTY FEET, BED WET**ting, fevers, cured at home; small cost; folder, 25 cents, refunded if dissatisfied. Levi Perry, Lumberton, N. C.

**2 BATHING BEAUTY POSES — POETRY** men like—gent's article—catalog and something else real good, 10c. Roderick Co., Logansport, Ind.

**FOR SPEEDY MARRIAGE, BEST, LARGEST** in country. Established 12 years. Thousands wealthy, confidential descriptions free. Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrubel, Oakland, Calif.

**MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL** ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

**MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH** photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

**MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLI**cation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

**GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL** paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

**MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, AD**dresses, photos, descriptions, sealed 25c. Box 2265 B, Boston, Mass.

# THE LATEST NEWS

### Wonderful Success of New Method Confirmed

## STORY OF A LIFE SEARCH REWARDED

Like a page of romance reads the life story of the man who has conquered one of the most baffling diseases known the world over. It has been declared incurable, but Catarrh Specialist Sproule has proved that **Catarrh Can Be Cured.**

Robert E. Sproule was born of sturdy Scotch-Irish parentage. He was educated for a physician at Dublin University, one of the most prominent universities in the world. After graduating and receiving his degrees at college, he served as Surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service. He left his country's service to devote himself to the service of humanity. Since that time, he has mastered Catarrh, as Edison mastered Electricity.

### THE SYMPATHETIC GENTLEMAN

Catarrh Specialist Sproule is a man of powerful physique, a noted athlete in his college days, and even now winning many prizes in the field of sports. His interests are varied, but, withal, the alleviation of human suffering is the subject nearest his heart. No wonder that his name today is a household word all over America as the Conqueror of Catarrh.

With all his grand education and talents, this great man is of a most generous disposition. Success has only made his heart more tender to the call of the suffering. A Health Specialist in its deeper sense, he aims to cure his patients of Catarrh, so they will ever after be blessed with that greatest gift of Heaven—Good Health. As you will see he is making one of the most generous offers ever written, simply to help those who suffer, and to prove what his treatment can do.

### A PERFECTED DISCOVERY

His treatment is based upon scientific facts, backed up by practical experience and observation. The treatment has been perfected, step by step, through the years, until the happy army of cured patients has attained enormous proportions. An outsider cannot but be struck with the almost wonderful cures performed, and the vast numbers. This treatment has cured where all others have failed. The grateful letters of thanks which this great Specialist has preserved, fill cabinet upon cabinet.

He only takes such cases as he is confident of curing, and to each case is given candid advice, and the best possible care. His patients are his personal friends. "Once a correspondent of Specialist Sproule's, a life long friend," is a proverb among his acquaintances.

### UNEXAMPLED SUCCESS

This method for curing Catarrh which has been found, did not come by chance. It is the result of 30 years of study, thought, effort and professional practice. The 3-fold form of treatment has proved itself the right way, because of the thousands of cases cured. Scores of grateful letters are daily received by the man who has perfected this successful treatment, telling of perfect health restored, and Catarrh banished.

Everyone knows how disgusting the disease is, and its prevalence. Eight-tenths of your friends and acquaintances are afflicted in some fashion with it. Another tenth have it and don't know it. Perhaps you suffer with it yourself. Probably there is not a person in the United States who is not vitally concerned in the subject of Catarrh, either for himself, or some dear one. The enormous benefits to mankind, which have, and will come from this new treatment, can easily be seen.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTE

*The writer of this column is an intimate friend of Catarrh Specialist Sproule's, who has consented to give the above sketch of his life and work. Boyce's Weeklies' readers will be interested in this important step for the uplifting of the burden of disease from mankind. The writer is proud to count the famous Specialist as one of his close friends, and is glad to give this statement of his work. The generous offer which he makes in the next columns is for the benefit of every one of our readers who has Catarrh.*

# CATARRH FREE TREATMENT

I will give away Free: my 3 fold treatment for Catarrh to all who write for it

Catarrh Specialist Sproule

You have read about the life of Catarrh Specialist Sproule in the previous column. Now you are offered straight from his generous heart a free treatment for Catarrh. This treatment is of a three-fold nature, calculated to drive every germ out of its hiding place and kill it. It routs that accumulated mucus with its sickening odor, it clears the nostrils so you breathe freely, it stops that dull headache and stupor. It makes you feel that life is worth living. As one man puts it, "I feel as I did when I was a barefoot boy among the first Mayflowers."

Picture to yourself what it would mean to be rid of all those Catarrhal symptoms, to have all the membranes of the head and throat in a healthy condition. You would lose that sensitiveness in the throat, that hacking cough, that sickish feeling in the stomach, when the mucus will neither go up nor down. You'll be so well you will never be reminded of your body, as you are constantly now. The dread and knowledge of what a serious matter your trouble may any minute arrive at, will be gone.

Catarrh signals danger ahead. You do not know at what day or hour your trouble may develop into an incurable disease. I can't help you then. No one can help you. You must suffer and know there is no hope.

### JUST WRITE

All you have to do is to sit down and write a letter; any sort of paper will do, or just a post card, and say, "Please send me your free treatment for Catarrh." Sign your full name and address, and send it to Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 306 Trade Building, Boston. Just as quickly as Uncle Sam's post will bring it, you will receive one of these Free Treatments.

You can see for yourself what this treatment is like, why it has cured so many other Catarrh sufferers. You will see that it is better than any other,—see that the method is not only the best one, but that each ingredient is carefully compounded and packed. Attention to the smallest things is one of the great reasons for the success of Catarrh Specialist Sproule.

### TO HELP YOU

Catarrh Specialist Sproule wants to help everyone who suffers from Catarrh, and he has taken this method of letting the largest possible number of people know about his work. He knows results will prove themselves. So don't hesitate, don't delay, get pen and ink, or pencil and send off your request today.

Read what some of the people, this great Specialist has cured, say about his treatment. Write them if you wish, and see if you don't think his treatment was worth getting.

Perhaps your case is different from any of these. Perhaps you think it more severe. Perhaps you don't feel sick at all, only bothered to death by the annoyances of this disease. Send for the Free Treatment anyway. Put yourself in a position to see for yourself, this new,—almost wonderful—treatment, which has done, and is doing, so much for others.

### DO IT NOW

"Do it now" is a splendid motto. Just write your full name and address plainly in this little Free Treatment Coupon. Slip it in a letter, or paste it on a post card and mail it to Catarrh Specialist Sproule. It is a very small thing to do for so large a gain, only it must be done at once.

Remember that neglect of Catarrh has led many to their graves. Some people neglect themselves until too late. They put off what should be done today. Don't procrastinate in this most vital of all matters.

Send the coupon to Catarrh Specialist Sproule for a Free Treatment. It won't cost you a penny. Enjoy life while you can. Enjoy the fruits of what 20th century science has wrought. Take the famous Specialist at his word; write for the treatment he is giving away. Fill in the Coupon, tear it off and send it **NOW.**

CUT HERE

**FREE TREATMENT COUPON**

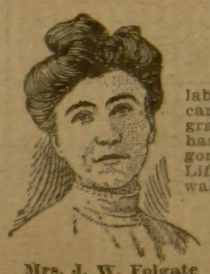
Full Name — Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

.....

## ADVICE FROM CURED FRIENDS

### ENJOYING PERFECT HEALTH



Mrs. J. W. Folgate

My Dear Dr. Sproule:—I am now enjoying happiness where I once labored under sorrow. You saved my life. May the Lord bless you for your care and kindness, and the great good you have done me. My husband is grateful now that I used my own judgment. I can truthfully say that it has been a wonderful cure. I have a new lease of life. The Catarrh is gone, my throat is cured, my nerves are steady, and I am gaining in weight. Life seems worth living once more, but before taking your treatment it was a burden. You deserve all the praise bestowed upon you.

MRS. J. W. FOLGATE, 1507 Elm St., Rockford, Ill.

### CURED OF CATARRH

Mr. Emil Lange

Dear Doctor.—I am going to tell you just how I feel since taking your treatment. My appetite is good and bowels regular. Instead of having to breathe through my mouth, I have good air in my nose now. There is no more pain in my sides or between my shoulders. The sour taste in my mouth, and the spots before my eyes are gone. I feel good since I took your medicine, and I thank you heartily for what you have done for me. I shall always look upon you as my best friend.

EMIL LANGE, 39 Monroe St., Silver Creek, N. Y.

P. S.—In a recent letter, Mr. Lange says: "Now that I am married, with our own home and our two babies, I appreciate still more all that you did for me when you cured me of Catarrh."

### ENJOYING THE BEST OF HEALTH

In a recent letter to Health Specialist Sproule, Mrs. H. Lansing Elwood, of 57 Main St., St. Johnsville, New York, writes:

Dear Doctor:—I am still enjoying the best of health and I thank you very much for all the good your treatment did for me. I have no more trouble with my throat, no more hawking up of mucus, none of that tired, run-down feeling I had before you treated me. I know that by taking your remedies in time I was saved much misery, and I shall always be grateful to you for the good health you restored to me.

Mrs. H. Lansing Elwood

Very sincerely your friend and patient,

MRS. H. LANSING ELWOOD.

Write **CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE,**

*(Graduate Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.)*

**306 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON.**